



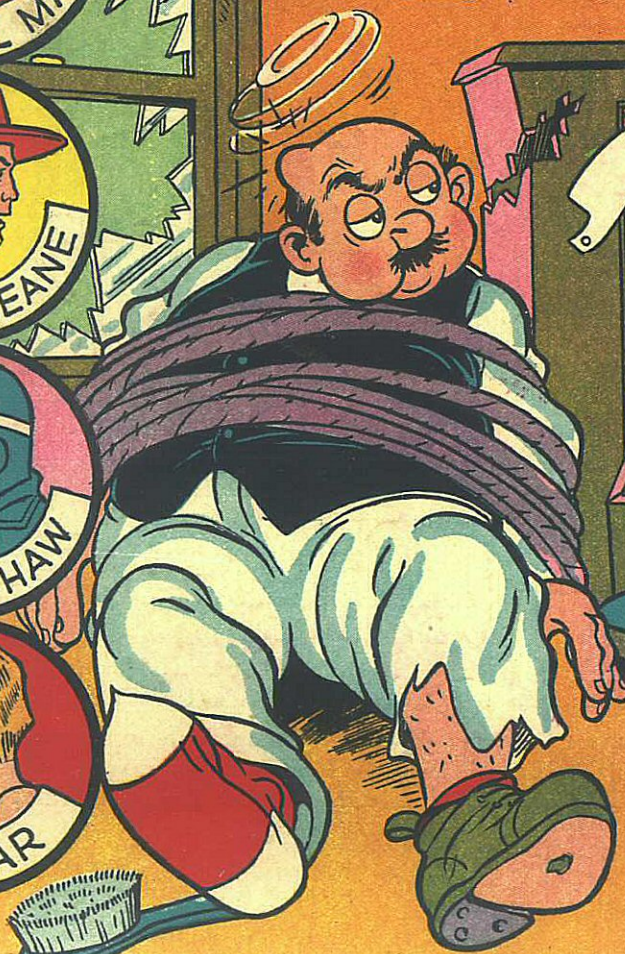
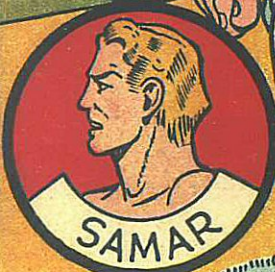
FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

DECEMBER

BUT VINCENT—
BURGLARS COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HERE--
I LOCKED THE
DOOR!



NO. 39 10¢
15¢ IN CANADA



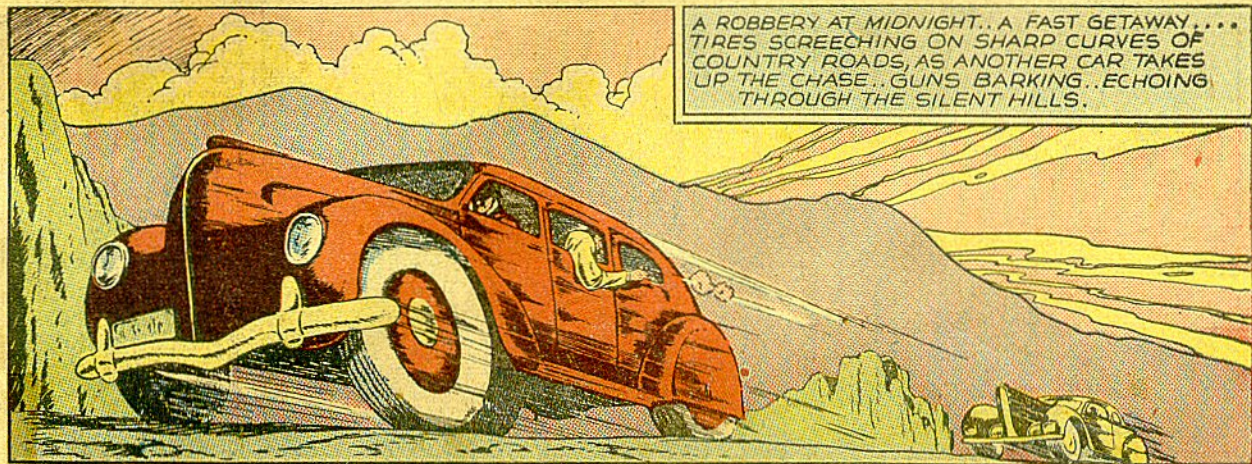
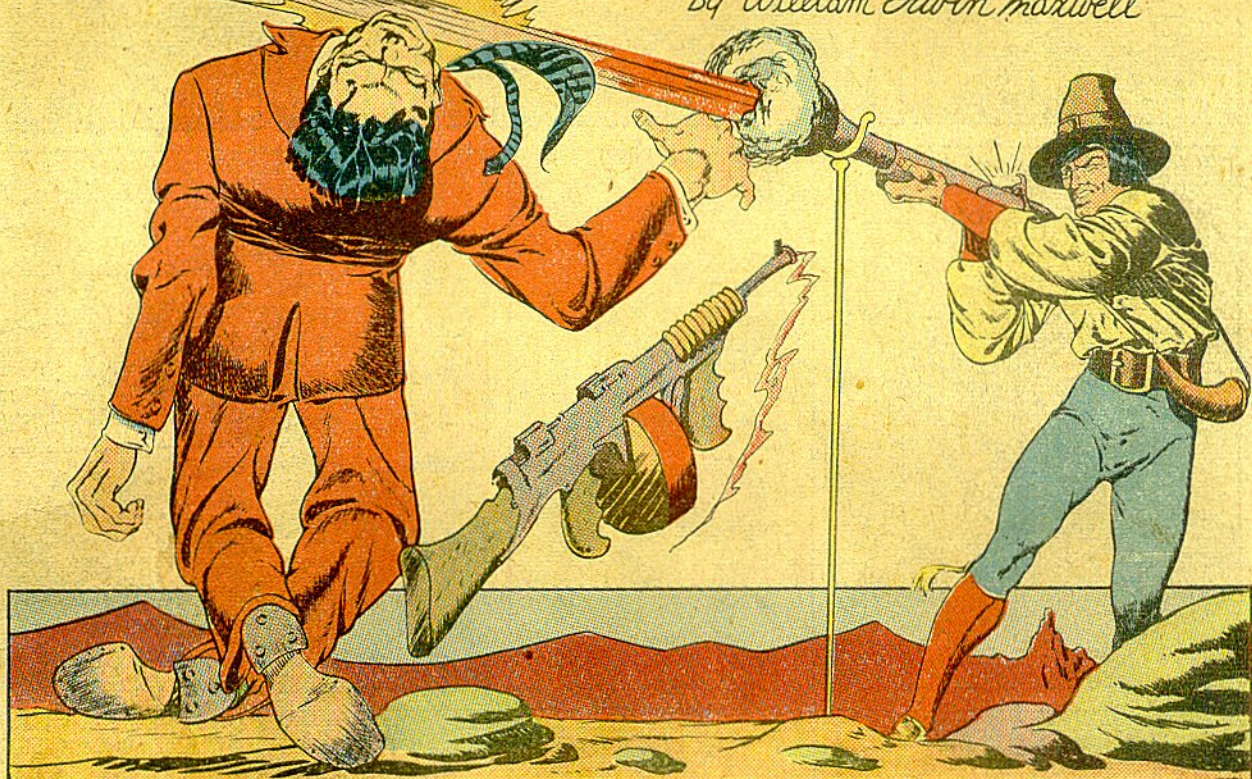
WEB COMIC
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The

DOLL MAN

DARREL DANE, THE DOLL MAN, FINDS AN ADVENTURE IN A FORGOTTEN WORLD OF EARLY AMERICA, IN THE DAYS OF THE PURITANS.

by William Erwin Maxwell



A ROBBERY AT MIDNIGHT... A FAST GETAWAY... TIRES SCREECHING ON SHARP CURVES OF COUNTRY ROADS, AS ANOTHER CAR TAKES UP THE CHASE... GUNS BARKING... ECHOING THROUGH THE SILENT HILLS.

THE GANGSTERS AND PURSUERS RIP WILDLY UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE MAD, DARREL! IF WE DO CATCH THOSE THUGS, WHAT THEN? WE HAVE NO GUNS.

YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING THE DOLL MAN, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR?



IN THE THUGS' CAR.

WE CAN'T SHAKE THOSE BIRDS, BOSS!

HIT THE TIRES, YOU DOPE!



SUDDENLY..

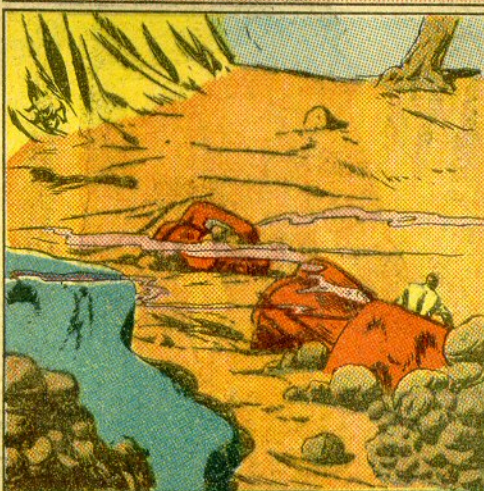


LOOK OUT!



CRASH!

THE AVALANCHE SENDS BOTH CARS CRASHING INTO SMOKING WRECKAGE.



THE CROOKS CLIMB OUT.



THE MONEY'S IN THERE WITH JOE.. HE'S DEAD!

WE GOTTA LEAVE 'EM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE!



COME ON!

BUT WE'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE, ON THIS ROAD!



HEY, LOOK! A CAVE.. WE CAN HIDE TILL THE HEAT IS OFF!

HURRIEDLY, THE THUGS SEEK THE ROCKY SHELTER.



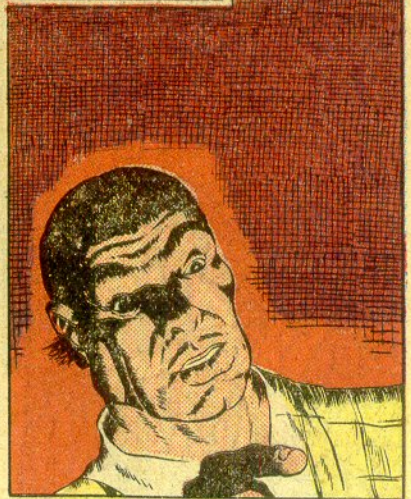
THEY FIND NOT A CAVE, BUT A LONG, DARK TUNNEL.



HEY, WHERE WE GOIN'?
AIN'T THERE NO
BOTTOM TA THIS
PLACE?



SUDDENLY THE LEADER 'SLIM'
STOPS SHORT, AMAZED AT
WHAT HE SEES.



AM I DREAMING?
NO, I CAN'T BE,
I GOT INSOMNIA!

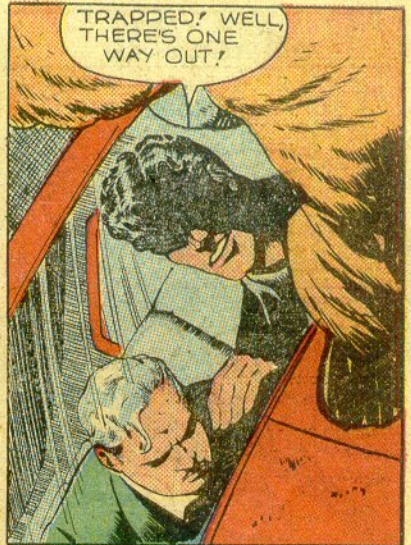
WE SHOULD
TOOK OUR
CHANCES WITH
THE COPS!



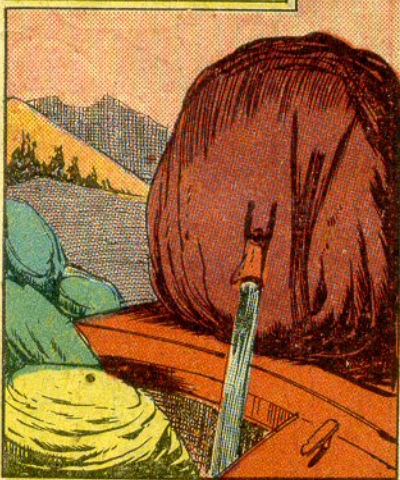
MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF LIFE
COME FROM DARREL DANE'S
BURIED CAR.



TRAPPED! WELL,
THERE'S ONE
WAY OUT!



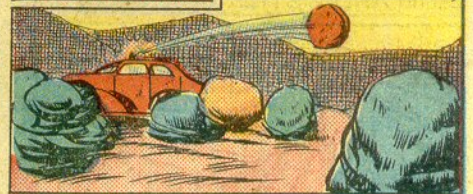
TRANSFORMING HIMSELF
INTO THE AMAZING LITTLE FIGURE
OF THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOOTS
OUT OF THE WINDOW.



IF I CAN SHOVE
SOME OF THESE
BOULDERS
OFF THE
DOOR...



SOON THE CAR EMERGES FROM ITS
STONY GRAVE.



COME ON,
PROFESSOR.
TIME TO GET
UP!





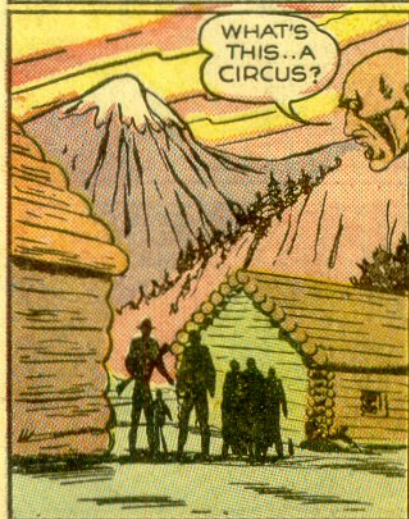
ONCE MORE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS IN PLACE OF DANE.

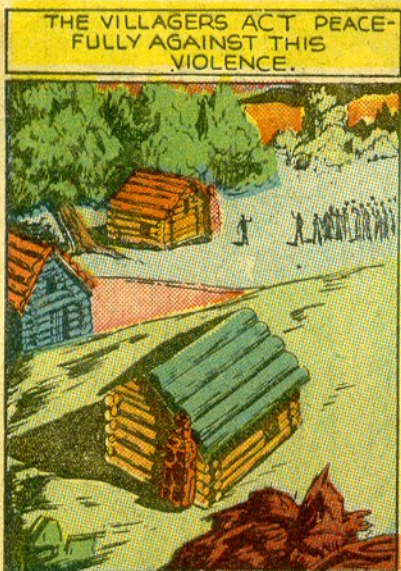


TEN MILES UP THE ROAD.

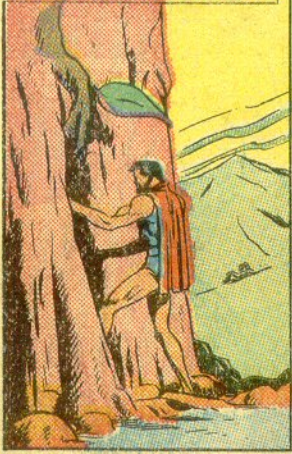


MEANWHILE...THIS IS WHAT SLIM AND HIS MEN HAVE SEEN.





BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY, THE DOLL MAN FINDS A SMALL ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL...



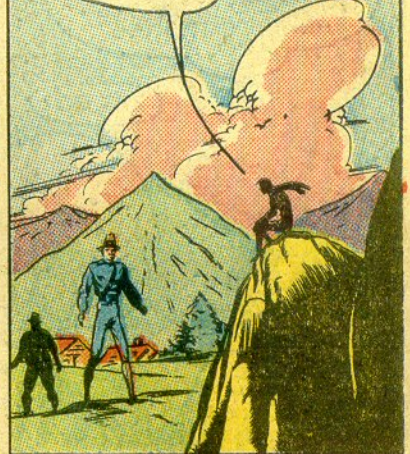
HE FOLLOWS SWIFTLY THROUGH.



AND COMES UPON THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT...



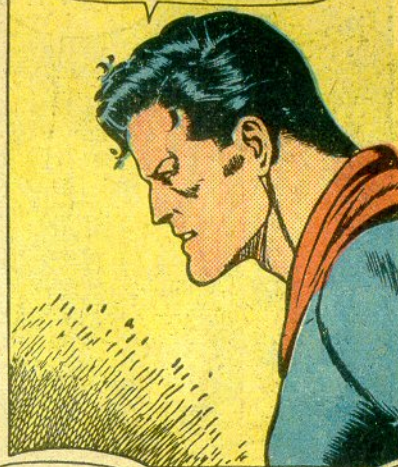
AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED THEIR WAY OF LIVING FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



THEY'RE CARRYING ALL THE GOLD INTO THAT HOUSE.. STRANGE!



SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE.. THAT YOUNG PRICILLA IS WEeping!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO A SACK OF GOLD AND JEWELRY THAT THE GIRL IS CARRYING.



AH! SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO OBEY THE MEN FROM THE NEW WORLD! NOW ...



...A KISS?

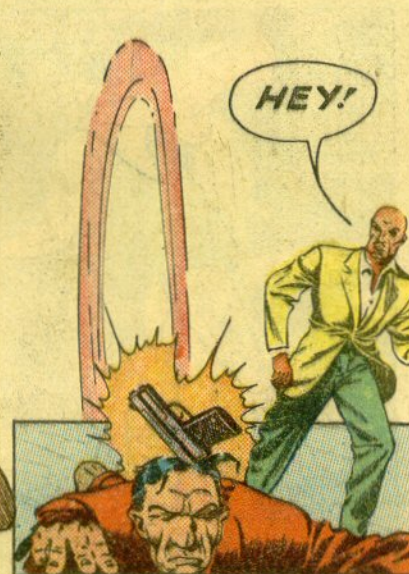


THE VILLAGER IN THE GANGSTERS' PAY, QUICKLY LEARNED THEIR EVIL WAYS.

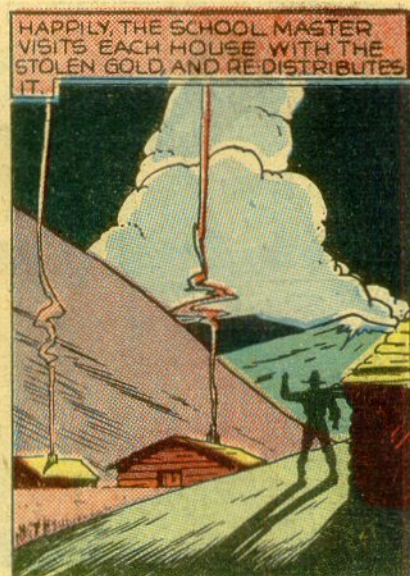
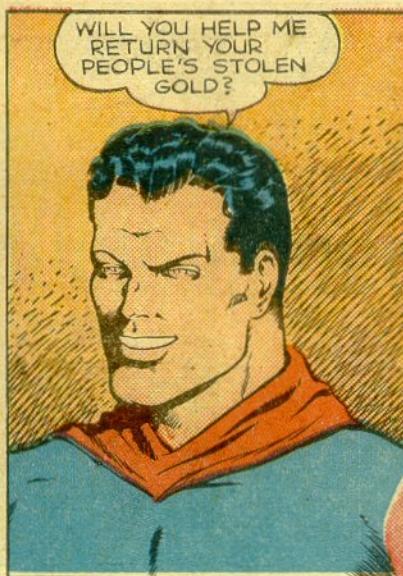


SUDDENLY...









THE SCHOOL-MASTER PRONOUNCES SENTENCE.

...FOR THE REMAINDER OF YOUR DAYS!



AND THE DOLL MAN LEAVES THE HIDDEN VILLAGE, TO GO ON TO MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES.



RANCE KEANE

WILL
Arthur

HARVEY TOPPING'S TWIN BROTHER TRIED TO BILK HARVEY OUT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN RANCE KEANE BALKED THE PLOT.... SEEKING A WAY TO REWARD HIS FRIEND RANCE, WITHOUT INSULTING HIM, HARVEY INVITES RANCE ON A "TREASURE" EXPEDITION. HE'S FINANCING.... THE SCENE NOW, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK CITY.....

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL SCHEME, HARVEY! OF COURSE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

AS TOPPING PASSES A BLIND MAN IN THE CIRCLE HE SHELLS OUT A DOLLAR, AND SLIPS IT INTO THE CLIP.....

GOSH 'ALL HAY HOOKS, IF TOPPING MEANS FOR CAN AFFORD T' GIVE YOU TO GO A BLIND JASPER ALONG, PEE THAT MUCH, HE CAN WE... ISN'T TAKE ME ON THIS TRIP TOO, CAN'T HE?

I'M SURE HE MEANS FOR YOU TO GO ALONG, PEE WE... ISN'T THAT GIRL OVER THERE GOOD LOOKING!?

SHE WAS KINDA PRETTY, BUT TOUGH TOO, DON'TCHA THINK?

THAT'S THE MAN, HARVEY TOPPING, I TOLD YOU ABOUT. FOLLOW HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SOL, IT'S NOT FAIR TO MAKE ME.....

YOU FOLLOW TOPPING AND GET WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR I'LL.....

OOOW!... SOL! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY TOPPING'S SWANKY HOTEL.....

I'VE HAD A CHART EXPERT CHECK MY MAP AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GENUINE. I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU UP IN MY LIVING ROOM.

WE USED TO HAVE TREASURE HUNTS OUT WEST WHEN I WAS A KID. NEVER FOUND NOTHING BUT SACKS FULLA CANDY, THOUGH.

WE FLY TO THIS POINT, BUT FROM THERE WE TRAVEL BY BOAT OR WE'D MISS THE CLUES.

IT'S ON AN ISLAND, AIN'T IT! I NEVER BEEN ON AN ISLAND IN MY LIFE!

SURE YOU HAVE, PEE WEE. NEW YORK CITY'S AN ISLAND, AND YOU... WHO IS THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

WHEN HARVEY TOPPING OPENS THE DOOR, THERE'S A STRANGE GIRL THERE....

OH, MR. TOPPING, I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PHONING FROM THE LOBBY, BUT... BUT... I DIDN'T DARE!

WELL... COME IN.

THE STRANGE GIRL BABBLER AN INCOHERENT STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO'S BEEN SHADOWING HER. SHE PLEADS WITH TOPPING TO SAVE HER...

BUT MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S A MATTER FOR THE POLICE. I'M SURE THEY'D PROTECT YOU.

ALL RIGHT, MR. TOPPING, IF YOU SAY SO. I'LL TRUST YOU TO DO THE RIGHT THING!



BUT AFTER SHE LEAVES.....

HARVEY! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... NOT TO WATCH HER CLOSER!... THAT GIRL'S MADE OFF WITH HALF YOUR TREASURE MAP!

WHAT!

WHEW! IS SHE SLICK!



GO DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, PEE WEE, AND CATCH HER AT THE BOTTOM. I SAW HER DUCK IN HERE!

OKEYDOKEY, RANCE. I'D RATHER RIDE ANYWAY!



RANCE PLUMMETS DOWN THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME. THE GIRL WATCHES PEE WEE AND TOPPING RIDE DOWN, THEN WITH GREAT DARING, SHE STEPS ONTO THE NEXT CAR, RIDES TO THE BASEMENT AND SLIPS OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE.....

SHE MUST'VE GOT AWAY. SHE DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE LOBBY!

AND SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... WAIT A MINUTE! SHE'S THE SAME GIRL WE SAW AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE! COME ON... I'VE A HUNCH!



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL RETURNS TO THE BLIND MAN'S CORNER...

HERE'S AS MUCH OF THE MAP AS I COULD GRAB. NOW! WILL YOU FREE ME, YOU FIEND!

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL GET CAUGHT HANGING AROUND ME! LAY LOW TILL I PHONE YOU... NOW, SCRAM!



YOU WAS RIGHT, RANCE! THERE SHE GOES INTO THE PARK!

AFTER HER!



BUT THE GIRL RUNS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK LIKE A DEER.

KEEP AFTER HER, PEE WEE! MAYBE I CAN HEAD HER OFF THIS WAY!

MIGOSH, RANCE! SHE'S QUICKER'N GREASY LIGHTNING!



I GOTCHA!

HERE, NOW! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!



AT THE POLICE STATION THE GIRL GIVES HER NAME AS CANDIDA KANE... RANCE KEANE HAS HER HELD ON SUSPICION.....

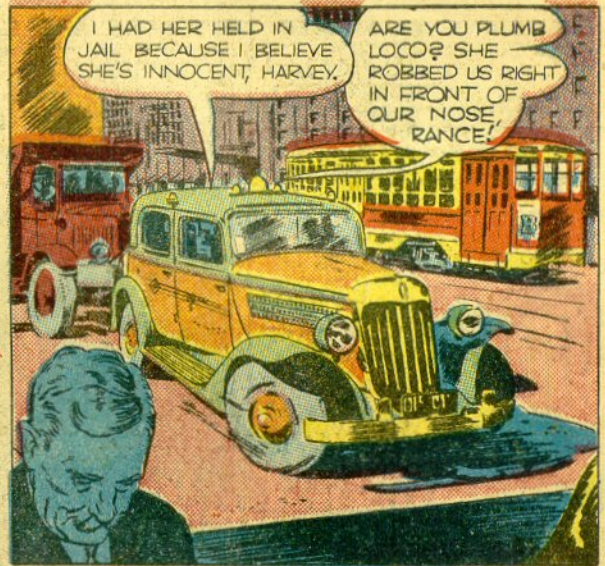


TAXI!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAD THE KANE GIRL HELD WHEN THE POLICE MATRON DIDN'T FIND THE CHART ON HER, RANCE.....

I HAD HER HELD IN JAIL BECAUSE I BELIEVE SHE'S INNOCENT, HARVEY.

ARE YOU PLUMB LOCO? SHE ROBBED US RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE, RANCE!



BUT SHE'S INNOCENT, JUST THE SAME. SHE WAS SCARED TO DEATH TO TALK! AND WHY?... BECAUSE IF SHE DID, THE PERSON WHO PUT HER UP TO THE JOB WOULD "GET" HER... MAYBE KILL HER!..... THAT'S THE PERSON I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON!

AT THE HOTEL DESK HARVEY TOPPINS RECEIVES A STRANGE NOTE...

THE "EVE," HUH? VERY INTERESTING!

Mr. J. T. P.
Come alone at one a.m. to the warehouse at the corner West and 3rd Street. Bring the other half of the map. DEATH if you don't! The Eye

SHALL I GO, RANCE?

YES! WE'LL FIX UP A WELCOMING PARTY FOR THE "EVE"... THIS SHOULD BE GOOD SPORT!

SPORT, HE CALLS IT... AND WE ALL MAY BE DEADDER'N HERRING IN THE MORNING!



SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, RANCE AND HIS FRIEND PEE WEE LEE HEAD FOR THE WAREHOUSE.....

NOBODY BUT THAT BLIND GUY HAS GONE BY THE PLACE FOR A HALF HOUR, RANCE. IT OUGHTA BE SAFE ENOUGH. O.K., TRY ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS... LET'S GO!



HOLD STILL, PEE WEE! YOU'RE SHAKING SO HARD I CAN HARDLY HANG ON TO THIS WINDOW LEDGE! YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?

WHY NO, I AIN'T SCARED RANCE! IT'S ER... IT'S MY TEETH, IT'S SO COLD NIGHTS, I CAN'T KEEP 'EM FROM CHATTERING!



RANCE GIVES PEE WEE A HAND UP.. BUT JUST AS RANCE LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE FLOOR INSIDE, THERE'S A SWISH... A THUD... AND RANCE SEES NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE STARS!



LEAPING BRAVELY INTO THE DARK, PEE WEE FLAILS ABOUT HIM WITH HIS FISTS... AND STRIKES NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR... A SECOND LATER THE STREET DOOR OPENS AND A MAN DASHES OUT...



NEXT MORNING, AT HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL

THERE WAS NO USE WAITING AROUND AFTER YOU GOT BEANED, RANCE.

WHAT BEATS ME, IS HOW THAT GUY GOT AROUND SO FAST IN THAT DARK WAREHOUSE!

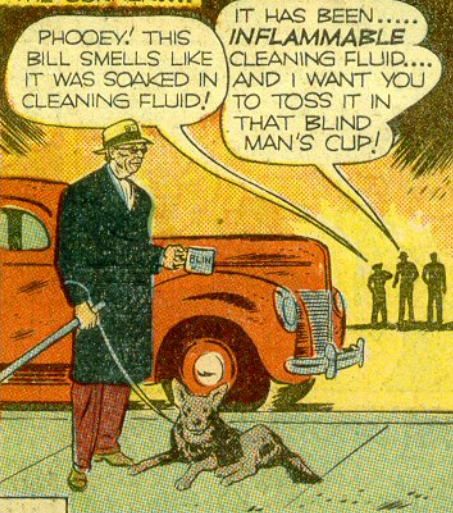
THERE IS SOMETHING IN THAT... SAY! I'VE GOT IT!



GOT WHAT... A HEADACHE?

NO, CHUMP! I KNOW HOW HE GOT AROUND IN THE DARK, HOW HE KNEW WE WERE THERE, HOW HE SPIED ON HARVEY ALL THE TIME, HOW THAT GIRL GOT RID OF THE CHART SO FAST... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

DOWN THE STREET THEY GO, AND UP TO THE CORNER....



PHOOEY! THIS BILL SMELLS LIKE IT WAS SOAKED IN CLEANING FLUID!

IT HAS BEEN.... INFLAMMABLE CLEANING FLUID... AND I WANT YOU TO TOSS IT IN THAT BLIND MAN'S CUP!

PEE WEE DOES AS HE'S TOLD.... FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, RANCE TOSSES A LIT MATCH INTO THE CUP AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!!

LOOK OUT, YOU LUNATIC! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, BURN ME UP?

WELL, YOU CAN HOG-TIE ME AND ALL MY KIDS... THE GUY AIN'T BLIND AT ALL!



WHEN THE "BLIND MAN" TRIES TO PULL A GUN.....



GRAB THAT DOG, PEE WEE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS HOT MONEY ARTIST!

AT THE POLICE STATION, RANCE CONFRONTS THE "BLIND MAN" WITH THE GIRL.....



YOU CAN SPEAK SAFELY NOW, MISS KANE. THIS CROOK IS DUE FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE "PEN."

HE MADE ME STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. TOPPING'S! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS IT HIDDEN TOO!

WHY YOU...

THE "BLIND MAN" SAFELY JAILED, CANDIDA KANE TAKES OUR FRIENDS TO THE BLIND MAN'S ROOM, WHERE THEY FIND THE CHART....



I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MISS KANE. MY SHARE OF THE YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL TO HELP US AS YOU DID!

WHY DON'T YOU CUT HER IN FOR MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN WE FIND IT, HARVEY!

FAIR ENOUGH, OR IS IT?

OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU SO MUCH!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

STAND BACK,
NIPPIE - HE SLINGS
HIS BAT WHEN
HE HITS!

DON'T WORRY
- I'LL
DODGE!



SMACK!

WHACK!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL IS SEEN!
THE WORLD'S
FAIR TODAY,
EH, MICKEY?

YEAH-WITH
MR. CLANCY
AND MR.
HOULIHAN---
I GOT HIM A PASS
SO HE'LL SEE A
LOT OF THINGS
FREE!



AW-DON'T TAKE
A WHEELCHAIR,
PHIL... LET'S
WALK AROUND
TOGETHER!

NOPE-THIS
IS EASIER!
I'LL SEE YA
WALK AROUND
AT TH' LAGOON
OF NATIONS AT
THREE O'CLOCK!



THAT'S THE
COMMUNICATIONS
BUILDING ON
YOUR RIGHT,
SIR....

A VERY
IMPOSING
STRUCTURE,
I'D SAY!



THERE'S A MILLION
DOLLARS WORTH
OF ART IN THAT
BUILDING... I'LL
WAIT IF YOU WISH
TO SEE IT....

NO... I'VE
SEEN ALL
THE OLD
MASTERS
ON MY
TRIPS TO
EUROPE!



THE AMUSEMENT
AREA IS AWAY
OVER ON THE
OTHER SIDE... DO
YOU WISH TO SEE
THAT
TOO?

OF COURSE
... I DO
THINGS
UP RIGHT!
JUST
KEEP
PUSHIN',
BUD!



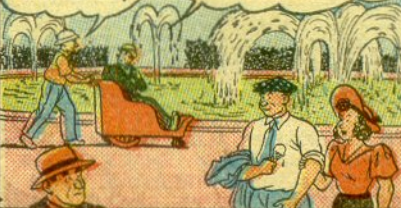
YOU'VE SEEN
ABOUT
EVERYTHING
NOW, SIR!

VERY WELL...
YOU MAY PUSH
ME BACK TO
WHERE I'M
GOING TO MEET
MY FRIENDS!



HERE YOU
ARE, SIR---
THE
LAGOON
OF NATIONS!

THANKS VERY
MUCH... AND I
GUESS YOU'LL
WANT A SEE
MY PASS NOW?



SAY-THIS PASS
AIN'T NO GOOD ON
THESE WHEEL-
CHAIRS, MISTER!
YOU OWE ME
\$3.00

WHAT??!
YOU'LL
GET NO
THREE
BUCKS
FROM
ME!!



LISTEN, SKINFLINT!!
YOU'LL GIVE ME
MY THREE
BUCKS--OR
ELSE!!

OR
ELSE
WHAT??!



JUST
THIS!!



WELL, PHIL... YOU'RE
RIGHT ON TIME!
BUT WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF THIS SEAL
ACT?

SHUT
UP!



NIPPIE

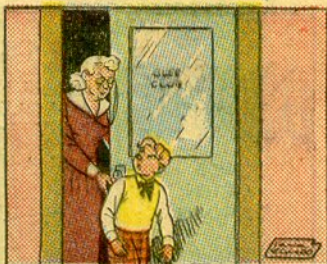
HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE—
D'YA THINK
YOU CAN SING
GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE IN THE
GLEE CLUB?

SAY—I'LL
BE IN
ALRIGHT,
WHEN THE
TEACHER
HEARS
ME!



WAIT—STOP,
CHILDREN...
STOP!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

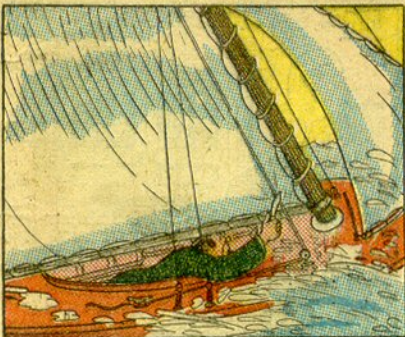
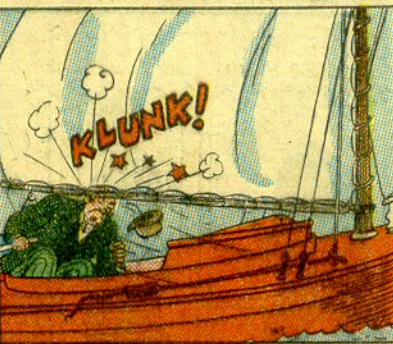
MICHAEL—DO
YOU AN' TOM
WANTA SAIL
ON THE LAKE?
I'M GONNA
RENT A
BOAT...

NO THANKS,
UNCLE PHIL...
WE'RE GOIN'
FOR A NICE
HIKE INTO
THE MOUNTAINS!



ARE YOU SURE
YOU CAN SAIL
HER, MISTER?
IT'S KINDA
WINDY OUT
THERE.

LISTEN, BUD...
I'VE SAILED
AROUND THE
WORLD MANY
TIMES, AND I
NEVER USED
A SAILBOAT
MORE THAN 8
FEET LONG!



WOW! THIS HIKE IS KILLIN'
ME, MICKEY... IF WE'D HAVE
GONE SAILIN' WITH YOUR
UNCLE WE'D BEEN SMART...
AN' WE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN'
TO THUMB A RIDE
LIKE THIS!

YEAH!



HEY THERE....

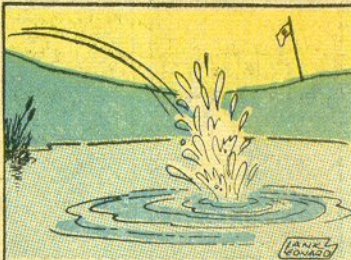


NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

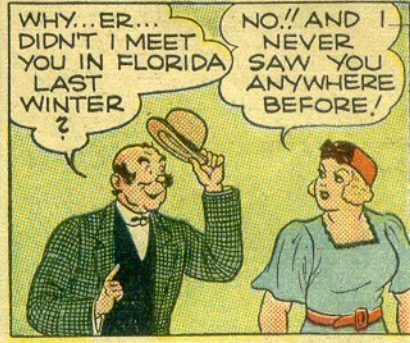
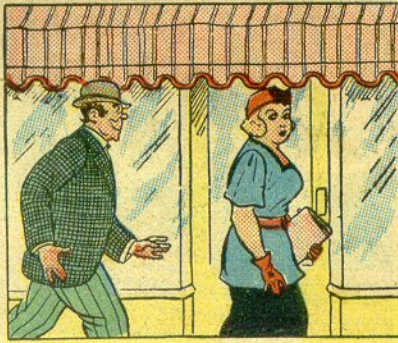
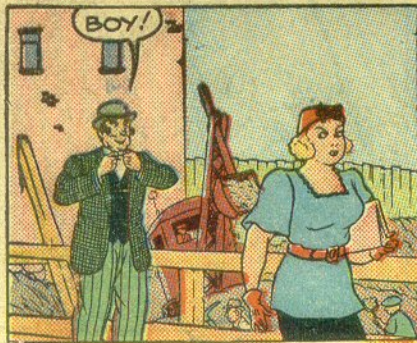
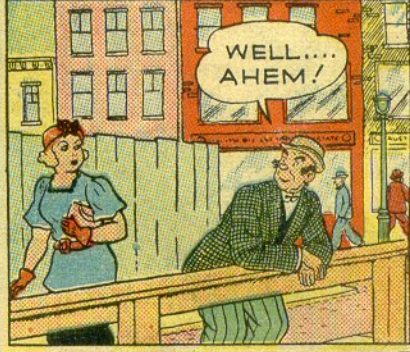
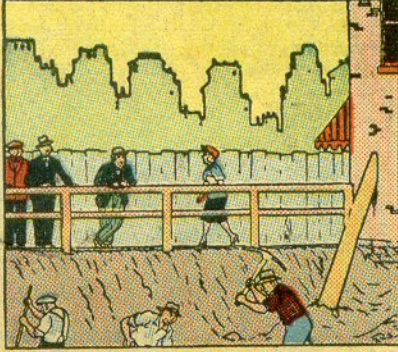
DON'T TRY TO
KNOCK YOUR BEST
BALL ACROSS THAT
POND, NIPPIE... USE
AN OLD BALL!

AW--
I WON'T
LOSE
IT IN
THERE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

SO HELEN
WON'T GO TO
ED'S PARTY
WITH YOU, EH
NIPPIE?

AW—I DON'T
CARE—I'LL
ASK
BETTY
T'GO!

BUT—WHAT
IF BETTY
FINDS YOU
ASKED HELEN
FIRST?

SAY— BETTY IS
SO CRAZY
ABOUT ME
SHE WON'T
MIND PLAYIN'
"SECOND
FIDDLE"

BUT BETTY...!

SMACK!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

BOY! I GUESS
THERE'LL BE
LOTS OF CHEATIN'
IN THAT GOLF
GAME BETWEEN
YOUR UNCLE PHIL
AND HOULIHAN,
MICKEY!

NO—THEY
PROMISED
T'PLAY FAIR—
IT'S FOR
THE CHAMP-
IONSHIP OF
CLANCY'S
TAVERN...

YEAH—MR.
HOULIHAN IS
'WAY OVER IN
THAT PATCH
OF WOODS!

FINE—THAT'S
ALL I WANT
TO KNOW,
SON!

NOW HE'S DOWN
IN THAT DEEP
TRAP ON THE
RIGHT...

THEN
HE'LL
NEVER
KNOW..

MR. HOULIHAN
IS DOWN IN
THAT BIG DITCH
NOW—I CAN
ONLY SEE
HIS HEAD....

THEN IT WON'T
HURT IF I
THROW THE
BALL OUT AND
AWAY FROM
THAT MARSH!

OKAY— HE
STILL HASN'T
COME UP
OVER THE
HILL....

THEN I'LL
JUST MAKE
THIS A LITTLE
EASIER FOR
MYSELF!

NOW HE'S
AWAY OVER
ON THAT
OTHER
FAIRWAY!

THAT'S FINE!
I'LL TAKE MY
BALL OUT
FROM AMONG
THEM
ROCKS!

THERE GOES
MR. HOULIHAN—
DOWN INTO
THE BUNKER
TO OUR
LEFT....

"AH... A BIT OF
'HEEL WORK"
WILL HELP ME
HERE!

I'M SURE I
SAW YOUR
BALL GO IN
THESE BUSHES,
MR. FINN....

WELL...MAYBE
IT HIT A TREE
AN' BOUNCED
BACK OUT!

PSSST... MR.
HOULIHAN'S
CADDY IS
LOOKIN' THIS
WAY. DON'T
MOVE THE
BALL!

DON'T WORRY...
I GAVE HIS
CADDY A BUCK
NOT TO SEE
TOO MUCH...
HA HA!!

WELL, HOULIHAN...
THERE! THAT
MAKES OUR
SCORE A TIE!
SO THE BETS
ARE OFF!

OKAY..PUT
OUR CLUBS
IN THE CAR,
BOYS!

WHAT??
D'YA MEAN
MR. HOULIHAN
CHEATED
TOO?

AN' HOW! WHY
HE ONLY
COUNTED
HALF HIS
STROKES!

GOSH, TOM--
MR. HOULIHAN
AND UNCLE PHIL
ARE GOOD!
THEY BOTH HAD
AN 82 SCORE!

AND GOLF IS
FOR GENTLE-
MEN LIKE
US, PHIL!

YOU ARE
RIGHT, MR.
HOULIHAN!

Follow Mickey Finn in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 22nd.

DUSTY DANE

GENERAL YIN, A
BOATLOAD OF ARMS
WILL ATTEMPT TO RUN
OUR ENEMY'S
BLOCKADE INTO
CHINA NEXT
WEEK!

GOOD! WE
NEED THAT
WAR
MATERIAL
BADLY!

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC A
STORM-BATTERED FREIGHTER
WALLOWS THROUGH THE SWELLS

THAT BLASTED STORM
SLOWED US UP, BUT WE
MUST MAKE PORT
BEFORE THE INVADER
PATROL SPOTS US!

德子
九子

CAPTAIN
GALT! SMALL
BOAT TO
STARBOARD!

OFF THEIR COURSE, DUSTY DANE
AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN ARE
RIDING OUT THE STORM, WITH
FOOD AND WATER ALMOST
GONE...

THE FREIGHTER
LOOMS ALONGSIDE

AHOY!
HEAVE US
A LINE!

I'M CAPTAIN JOHN
GALT.. AND YOU'LL
WORK YOUR WAY
ON THIS SHIP!

WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS WAD WILL
BUY OUR PASSAGE
ON EVEN THE
QUEEN MARY!

LOOK, DUSTY!
A SHIP!

YIPPEE!
RUN
UP OUR
DISTRESS
SIGNAL!

NO., GIMME!!
YOU'LL STILL
WORK YOUR
WAY!

YOU
BIG SEA
APE!

UGH! TAKE THIS
THICK-HEADED
MICK BELOW!

POW

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE
SHIP, MIKE AND DUSTY ARE
PUT TO WORK...

LET'S SEE YA
FIGGER A WAY
OUTTA THIS
ONE!

A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE SEA AS CAPTAIN GALT NEARS THE COAST OF CHINA...

NOW FER TH' DASH, CAP'N!

YEAH! TELL THEM MONKEYS IN THE STOKE HOLD T'HEAVE ON COAL!

FULL SPEED AHEAD

FULL SPEED AHEAD.. AND WE'RE IN THE CHINA SEAS! I GOT IT. GALT'S TRYING TO RUN THE INVADERS' BLOCKADE!

YEAH..AN' IF WE'RE CAUGHT ON THIS SCOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!

WITH NO LIGHTS AND ENGINES POUNDING, CAPTAIN GALT DASHES FOR HIS PORT.

BUT THE DELICATE HYDROPHONES OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE PICK UP THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES...

...AND SOON A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS, REVEALING THE SHIP...

CAPTAIN !!

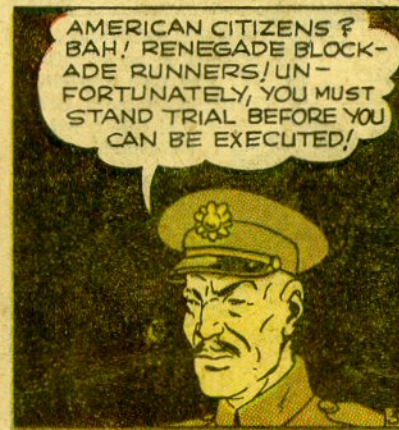
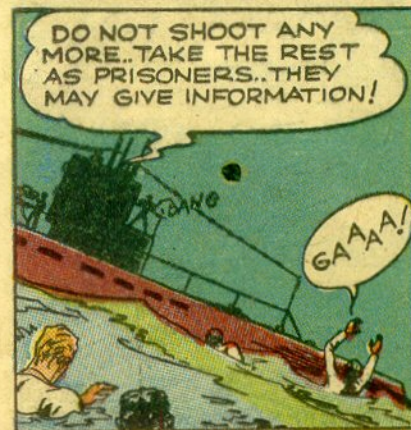
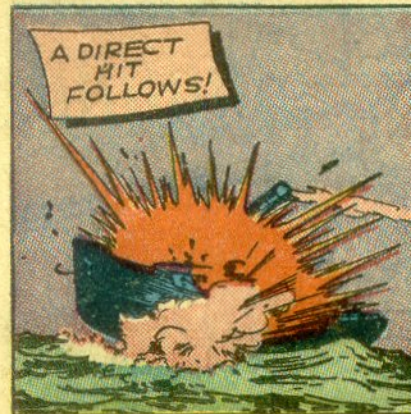
HEAVE TO... OR WE OPEN FIRE !!

THEY GOT US!

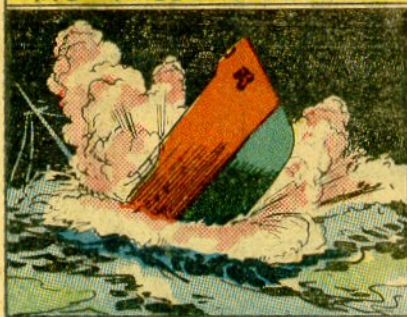
WE'RE GONNA MAKE A RUN FOR IT! I'M DELIVERIN' THESE ARMS.. SO I CAN GET MY DOUGH!

THE FOOLS! THEY'VE SEALED THEIR OWN DOOM!

BOM BOM



THE FREIGHTER POISES FOR ITS FATAL PLUNGE... THEN GOES UNDER, CREATING A HUGE WAVE...



THE U-BOAT TIPS CRAZILY FROM THE WASH...



GRAB HIS GUN, DUSTY!

O.K.! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE AN ANGEL, HEAD THIS SUB TOWARD SHORE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN GALT BEACHES THE LAUNCH...



YOU'VE FAILED! AND EXPOSED OUR POSITION!

BUT, YIN... LISTEN...

MIKE, WE OUGHTA REACH SHORE NEARLY AS SOON AS GALT.. AND WE'LL RUN IN HARD ENOUGH TO BEACH THIS PIG BOAT! YOU'RE COMIN' TOO, CAPTAIN!



THE CHINESE ARE ENRAGED OVER GALT'S FAILURE TO DELIVER THE MUNITIONS.



SO..PREPARE TO DIE!

NO! NO!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE TRIO DASH FROM THE SURF...



COME ON, MIKE! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

A BATTLE ROYAL ENSUES...



SAVE GALT FER ME, DUSTY!



NO BACK-TALK SOLDIER!

THERE! AN' I'LL MEET YA WITH A LEFT ON TH' REBOUND, GALT!



NOW, TELL THIS OFFICER THAT WE AIN'T REALLY A PART OF YOUR RATTY CREW... QUICK!



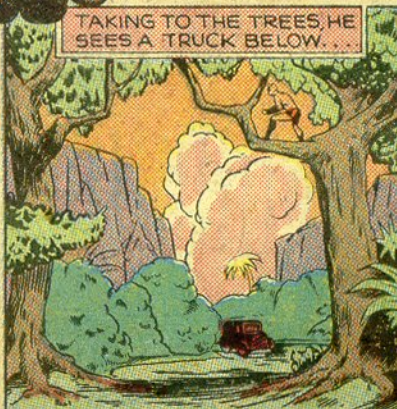
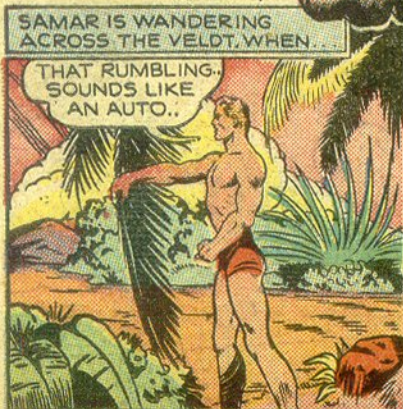
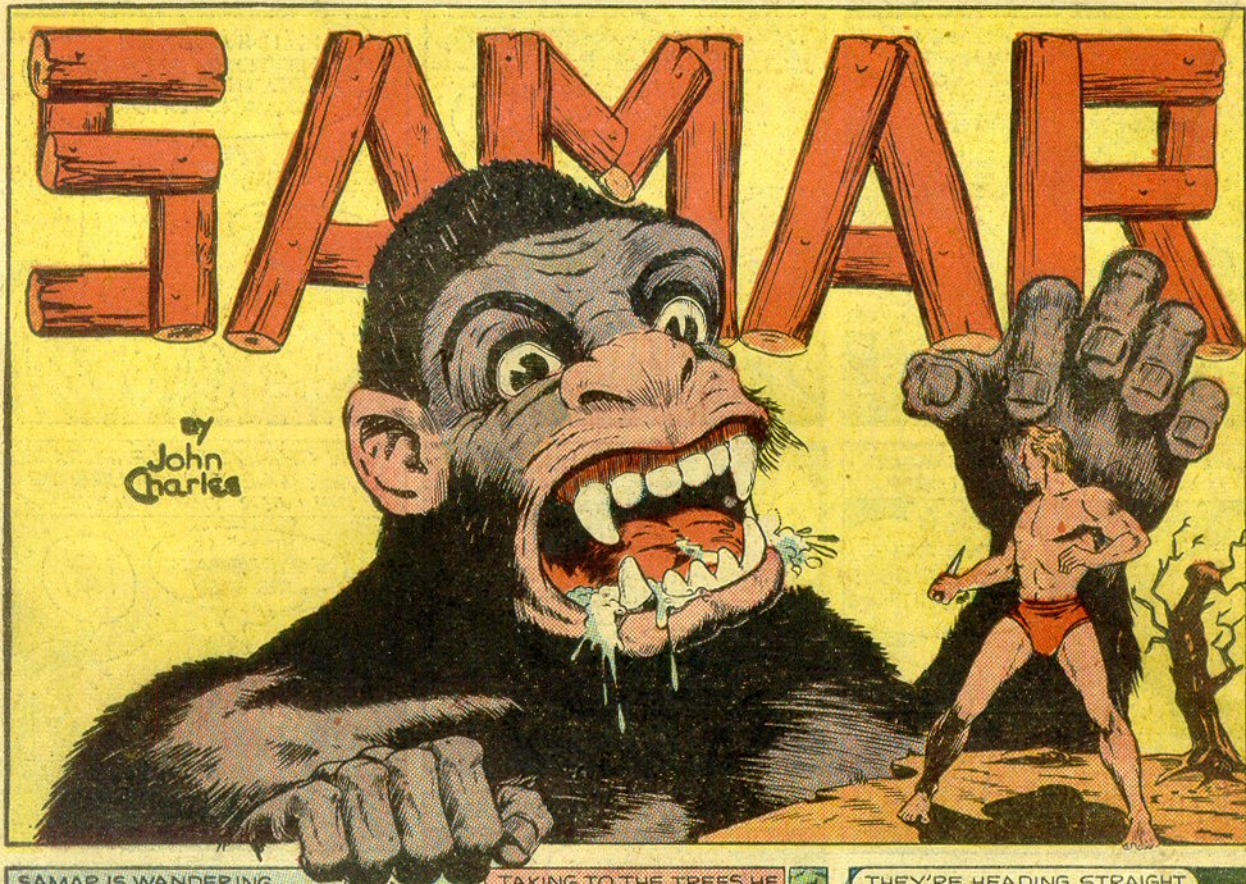
OKAY..OKAY! THA'S RIGHT! YOU GUYS WERE SHANGHAIED!

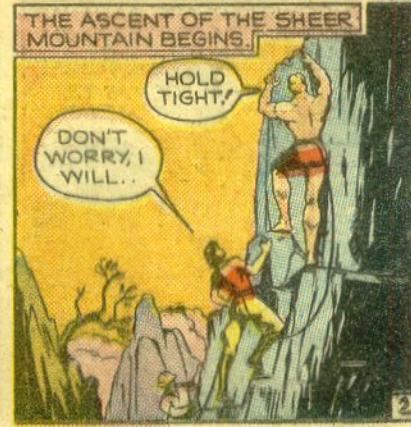
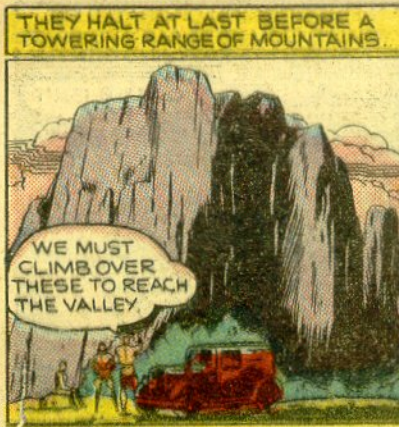
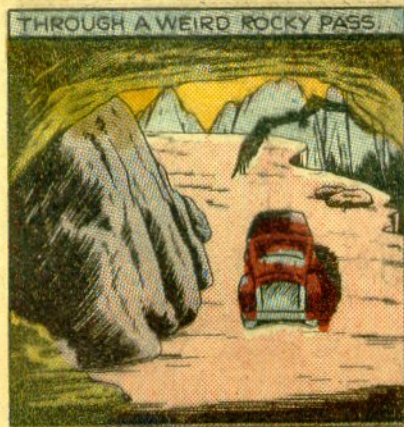
LATER...

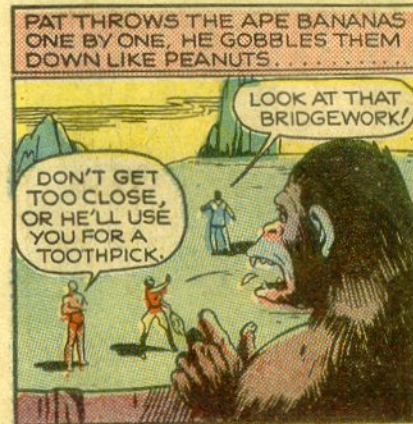


OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES..WE WILL CONNECT YOU WITH PASSAGE TO SINGAPORE!

THANKS, CAP.. THERE MIGHT BE SOME EXCITEMENT IN SINGAPORE!







THE NEXT MORNING .



AS THEY START TOWARD CAMP A HUGE MASTADON CHARGES THEM.



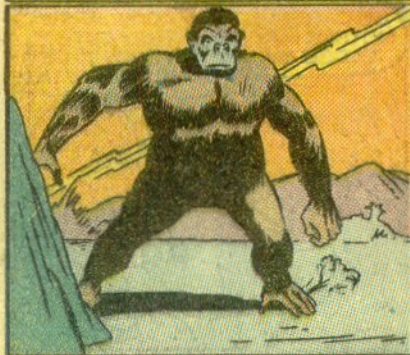
AS THE BEAST GAINS ON THEM, PAT SCREAMS IN TERROR...



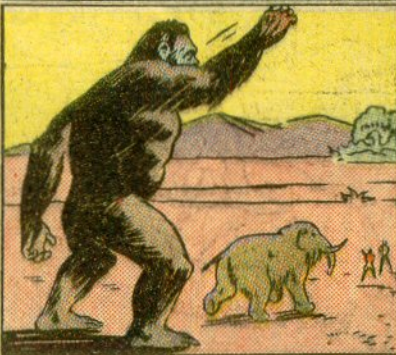
THE HUGE APE, HEARING PAT SHRIEK, REALIZES HER DANGER.



DESPITE HIS INJURED LEG HE AMBLES FORTH TO DO BATTLE..



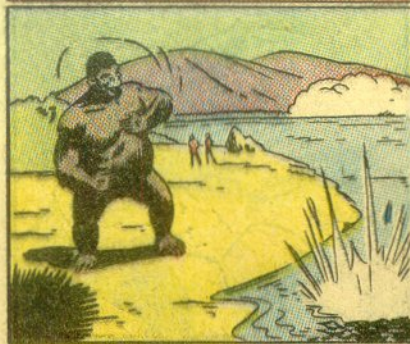
THE APE REACHES THE SCENE AS THE 'TUSKER' IS ALMOST UPON THEM.



SEIZING THE MONSTER LIKE A TOY, HE SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.



THEN GRABBING THE MASTADON BY THE TAIL, HE SWINGS HIM OVER HIS HEAD AND INTO A LAKE.....



THE GIANT PICKS THEM UP AND RETURNS THEM TO THEIR CAMP.



WAIT A MINUTE, MY CAMERA'S GONE!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR THE BEST..AS YOU SAY, THE VALLEY IS BETTER LEFT UNEXPLORED.

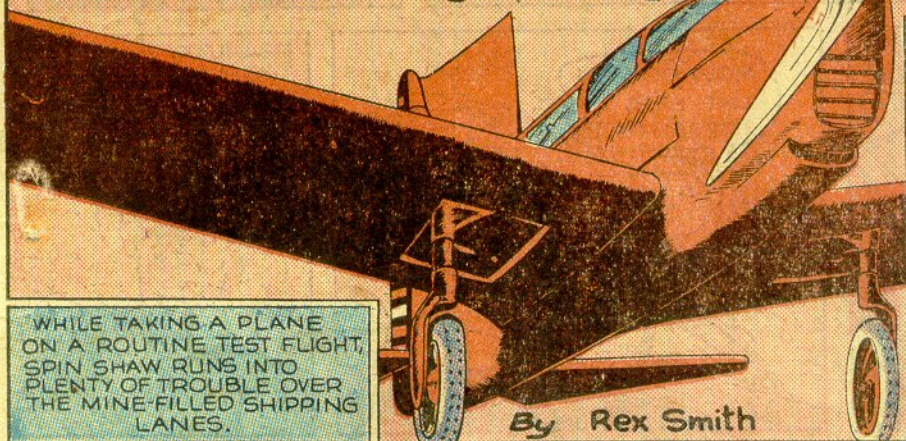


THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE HUGE APE AND DEPART DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



SPIN SHAW

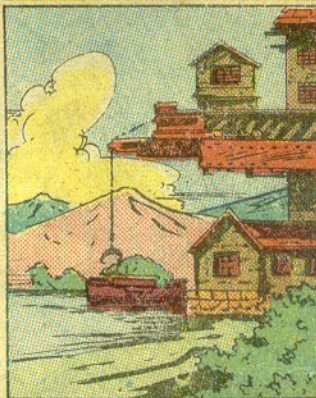
OF THE
NAVAL AIR CORPS



WHILE TAKING A PLANE ON A ROUTINE TEST FLIGHT, SPIN SHAW RUNS INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE OVER THE MINE-FILLED SHIPPING LANES.

By Rex Smith

AT THE WESTERN NAVAL AIR BASE, HUGE CRANES BUZZ BUSILY.



"PEANUTS," GUNNER FOR CAPTAIN SHAW, SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM.



SAY, CAPTAIN, THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE US RIGHT AWAY!



WHY, WHAT'S UP, PEANUTS?



THE "OLD MAN" SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TESTING SOME NEW PLANES.

AT HEADQUARTERS...



CAPTAIN SHAW REPORTING, SIR.



THE NEW AIRPLANES HAVE ARRIVED... I WANT YOU TO TEST THEM.



GIVE THEM THE REQUIRED TESTS AND NOTHING ELSE! YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK OF... WELL..



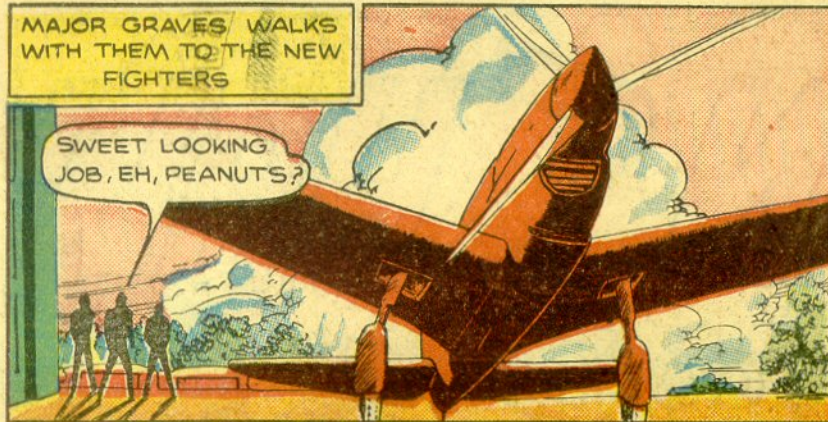
OF FINDING ADVENTURE ON SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS. SO ON THIS HOP, STOP FOR NOTHING.



YES, SIR. I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN!

MAJOR GRAVES WALKS WITH THEM TO THE NEW FIGHTERS

SWEET LOOKING JOB, EH, PEANUTS?



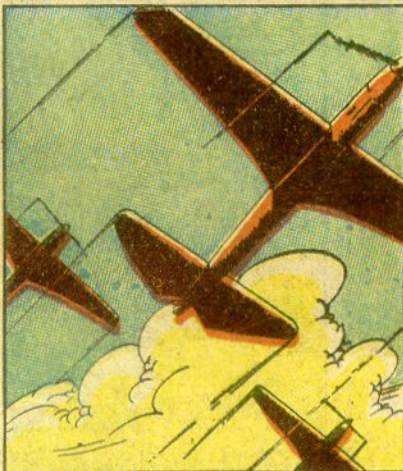
SPIN AND PEANUTS CLIMB INTO THE LEAD PLANE . . .

NOW REMEMBER, CAPTAIN, COME STRAIGHT BACK..GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

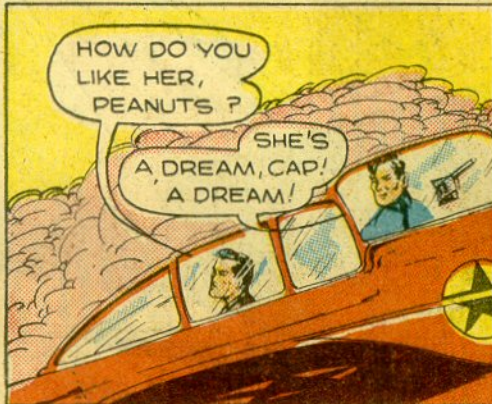


SPIN LEADS THE FLEET OF THREE INTO THE AIR



HOW DO YOU LIKE HER, PEANUTS?

SHE'S A DREAM, CAP! A DREAM!

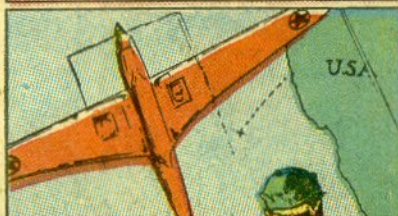


PEANUTS EXAMINES THE NEW GUNS..

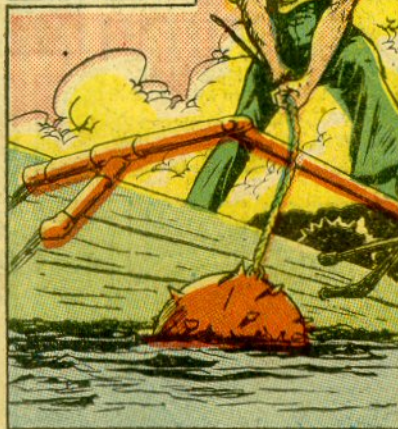
BOY! I'D LOVE TO TRY THIS ON A REAL TARGET!



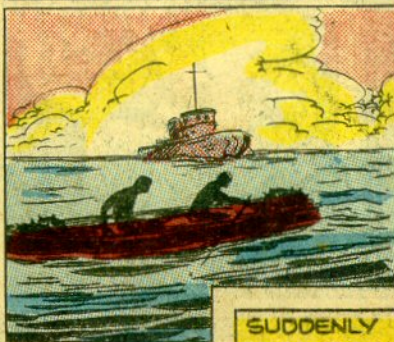
THEIR COURSE TAKES THEM SOUTHWARD OVER THE PACIFIC



HUGE MINES ARE BEING FLOATED.



MEANWHILE, DIRECTLY IN THE SHIPPING LANE, TWO MEN CAUTIOUSLY ROW AWAY FROM A GUNBOAT..



SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW SEES THE OPERATIONS

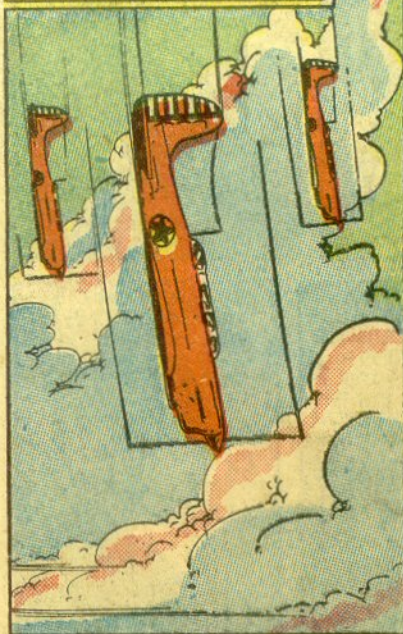
THEIR LEADER SPEAKS.

HURRY UP THERE, MEN!

WHAT TH'?'!



SPIN SHAW PUTS THE PLANES THROUGH TEST AFTER TEST.



SIGNALLING THE OTHERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE, SPIN WHIPS INTO A DIVE



I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

BUT PEANUTS TAKES A HAND.

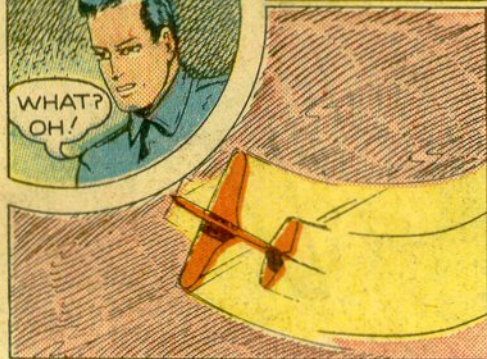


HEY! YOU FORGOT WHAT THE SKIPPER SAID!



WHAT? OH!

DISGUSTEDLY, SPIN PULLS UP.



AND HEADS FOR HOME . .



I'LL GET PERMISSION TO COME BACK!

HE ENTERS THE MAJOR'S QUARTERS .



PARDON ME, SIR.. MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?

JUST A MOMENT, SPIN!

SHAW EXPLAINS.



... MAY I DETONATE THE MINES?

I NEVER SAW IT FAIL TO HAPPEN! YOU FOUND TROUBLE AGAIN! ALL RIGHT.. BLAST THOSE MINES FROM THE WATERS!



YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!

THAT GUNBOAT IS NO DOUBT GONE BY NOW, BUT IF IT HASN'T, DON'T START ANYTHING!



SPIN LEAVES THE BUILDING ON THE RUN .

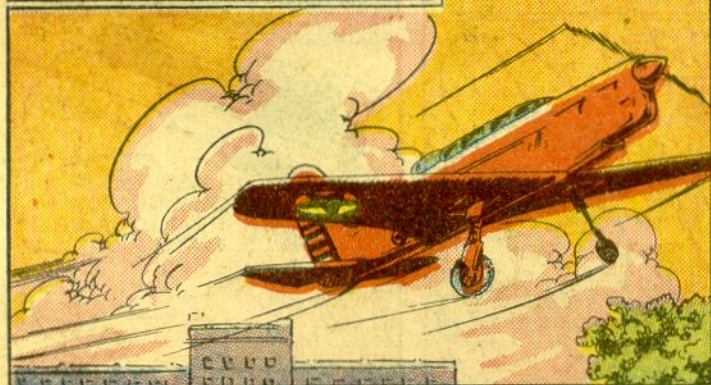


HEY, PEANUTS!

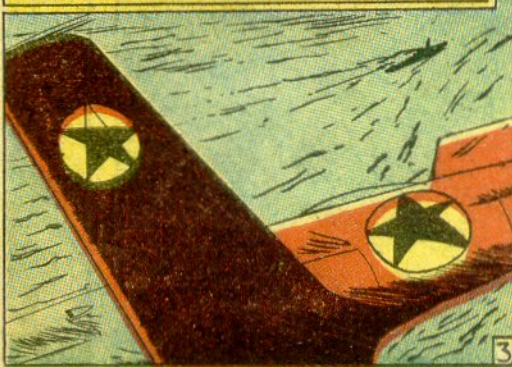


HOT DOG! ACTION!

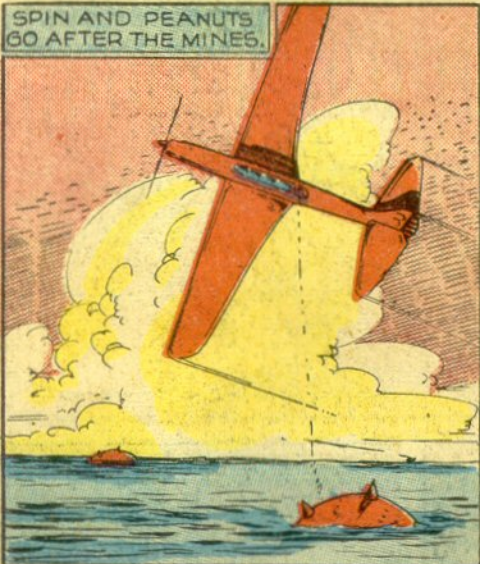
AGAIN SPIN SHAW TAKES OFF . .



THE GUNBOAT IS LEAVING AS SHAW REACHES THE FLOATING MINES . .



SPIN AND PEANUTS
GO AFTER THE MINES.



THE SHIPPING LANE IS SOON
CLEARED OF THE DEADLY MINES.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER,
THEY ARE EXPLODED.

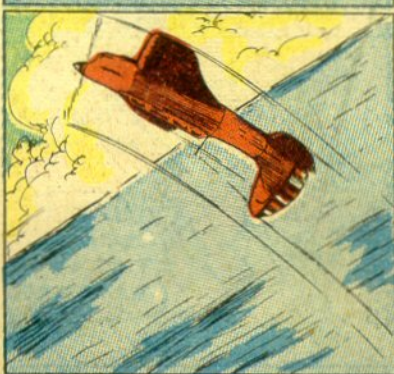


THAT'S THE
LAST ONE,
SPIN!



SWELL! HEY! HERE
COME A COUPLE OF
PLANES!

CAREFULLY THEY SEARCH THE
SURFACE OF THE OCEAN.



SPIN GETS IN TOUCH WITH
MAJOR GRAVES.



THE
MINES
HAVE
BEEN
DEMOLISHED,
SIR!

AS HE TALKS, SPIN
FIGHTS FOR ALTITUDE.



WE'VE JUST BEEN
ATTACKED BY TWO
SEAPLANES, SIR!
I'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT!

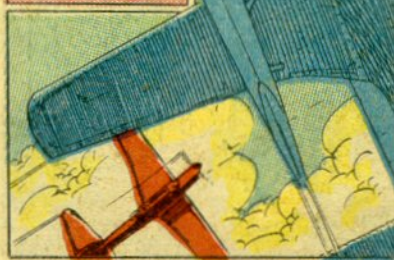
BAH! FIGHT!
ORDERLY, GET
MY PLANE OUT!



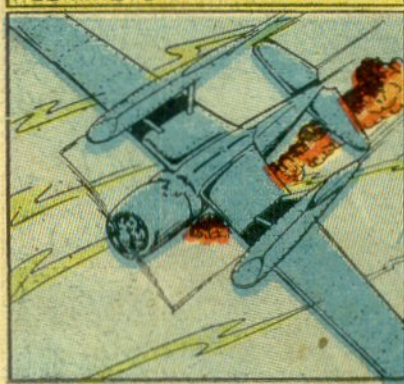
MEANWHILE, SPIN
ENGAGES THE TWO
PLANES.



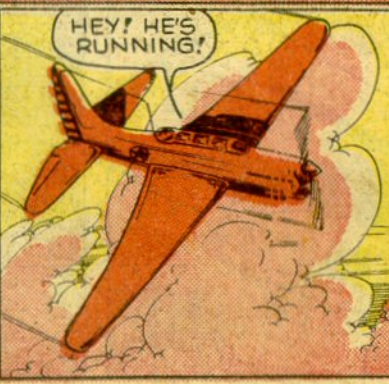
SEIZING HIS
CHANCE,
PEANUTS
SENDS IN A
DEADLY VOLLEY
TO AN ENEMY
PLANE.



AFIRE, THE MYSTERY PLANE
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



SPIN BANKS TOWARD THE
SECOND PLANE.



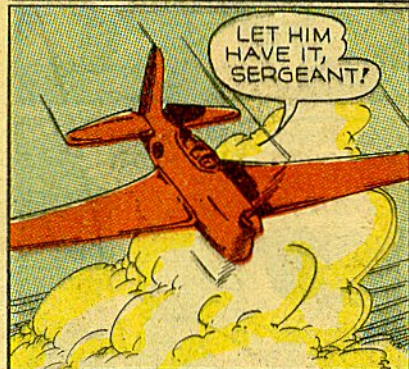
HEY! HE'S
RUNNING!

THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE
UNKNOWN PILOT HEADS FOR
THE CLOUDS.



KEEP YOUR
GUN READY,
PEANUTS! WE'LL
CATCH HIM
EASILY.

QUICKLY SPIN COMES WITHIN FIRING RANGE.



PEANUTS RAKES THE SHIP WITH BULLETS.



THE SECOND PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



A SHORT TIME LATER SPIN REACHES THE BASE.

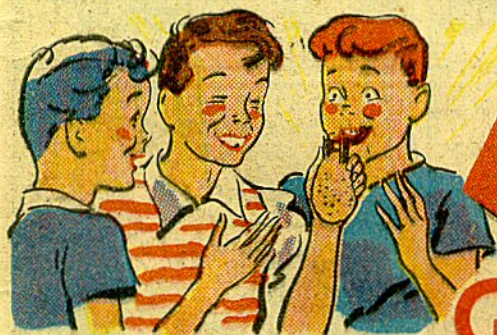


SPIN! YOU ALL RIGHT? AH..ER COME INTO MY OFFICE, CAPTAIN, AND MAKE YOUR REPORT!



TO PEANUTS WAITING OUTSIDE, THE SILENCE IS OMINOUS. SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW COMES OUT.

IT'S O.K., PEANUTS. THE MAJOR SAID WE DID WELL...HE'S PROMISED US SOME REAL ACTION AGAIN ...IN ABOUT A MONTH!



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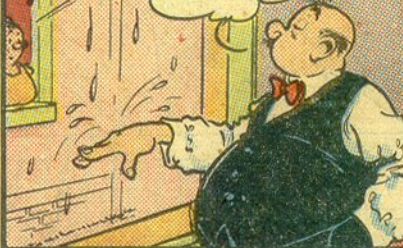
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

Lala Palooza

THAT'S RIGHT!
GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY

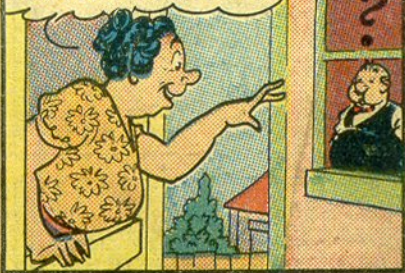
HM-A DROP OF RAIN-I HOPE
IT DON'T SPOIL THE TRAP
SHOOTING MEET THAT MY
CLUB IS HAVING
TODAY!



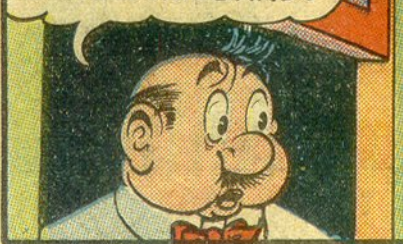
WELL, CARTERET-MAYBE
YOU DON'T THINK I'M
ATTRACTIVE ANYMORE, EH?
WELL JUST LOOK AT VINCENT
PALOOZA WAVING AN' FLIRTIN'
WITH ME!



I'LL MAKE CARTERET
JEALOUS-I'LL FLIRT
RIGHT BACK AT
MISTER PALOOZA!



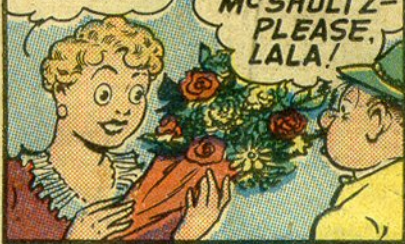
GOOD NIGHT! HAS MRS.
MC SHULTZ GONE BATTY?
SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME-
UNDER THE VERY NOSE
OF HER HUSBAND!



I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE
SLIGHTLY BALMY-
I'M GOING
SHOOTING!



WILL YOU DROP THESE
FLOWERS OVER TO
MRS. MC SHULTZ-
SHE LOVES
FLOWERS-



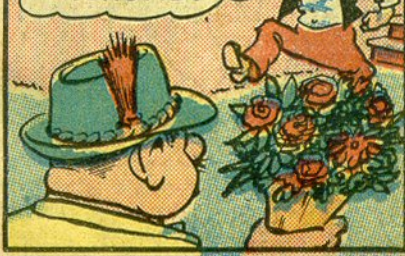
NOW LOOK-HERE HE COMES
WITH **BOUQUETS** FOR ME
AND **BULLETS**
FOR YOU!



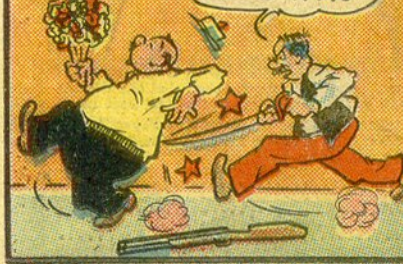
ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM
KILL YOU
AND CARRY
ME OFF?
I'LL SAY
I AINT-
WHERE'S MY
LODGE **SWORD?**



RETREAT. YOU FAT
HOME WRECKER-
OR I'LL SPEAR
YA LIKE AN
ANCHOVIE!



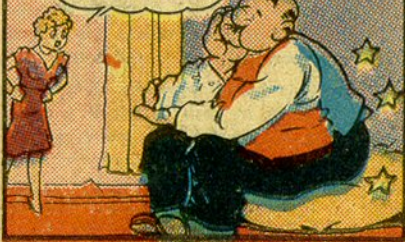
AND YOU'D BETTER DROP
THAT **BOUQUET** TOO-
UNLESS Y'WANT IT FOR A
FUNERAL
WREATH!



CARTERET
MC SHULTZ,
I'M PROUD
OF YOU!

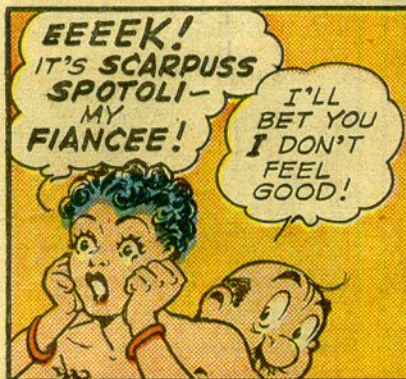
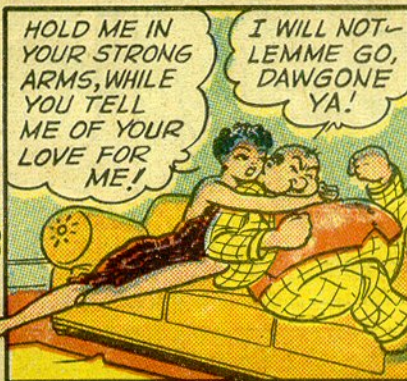
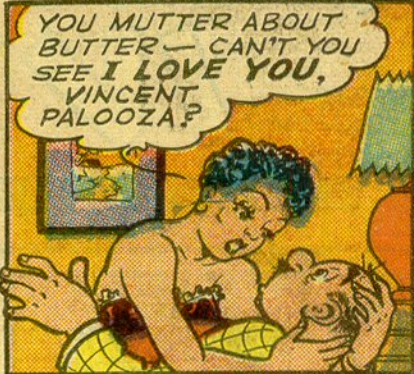


ONLY YOU, VINCENT-
ONLY YOU CAN GO
OUT **SHOOTING**
AND COME BACK
WITH **STAB**
WOUNDS!



Lala Palooza

THE GIRL
NEXT DOOR



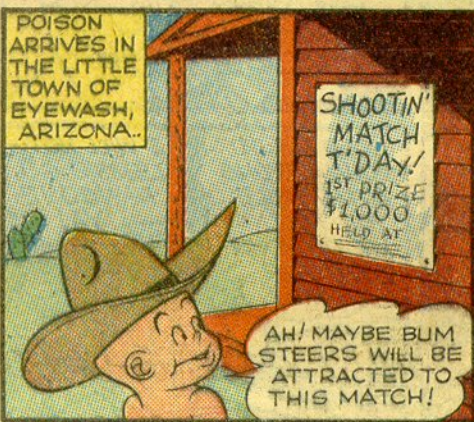
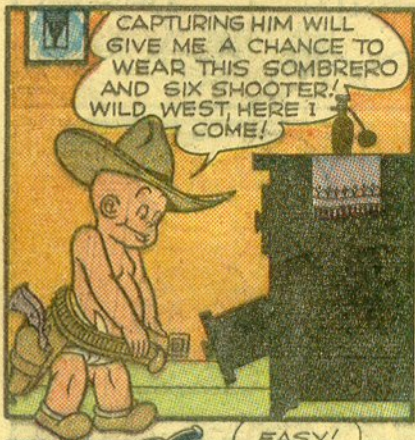
POISON IVY

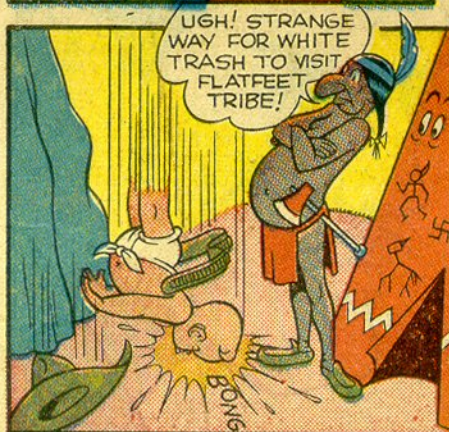
THE
MIGHTY
MITE

-GILL
FOX-

"1 1/2 GUN BUM STEERS" THE LAST OF THE OLD WILD WEST BANDITS, ESCAPED LAST NIGHT FROM THE WESTERN PRISON AFTER SERVING 35 YEARS OF A LIFE SENTENCE!

GEE, A WILD WEST BANDIT!



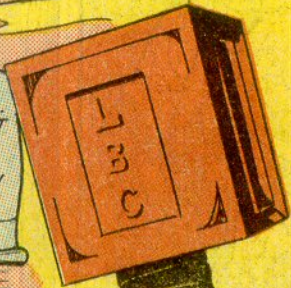


ZERO

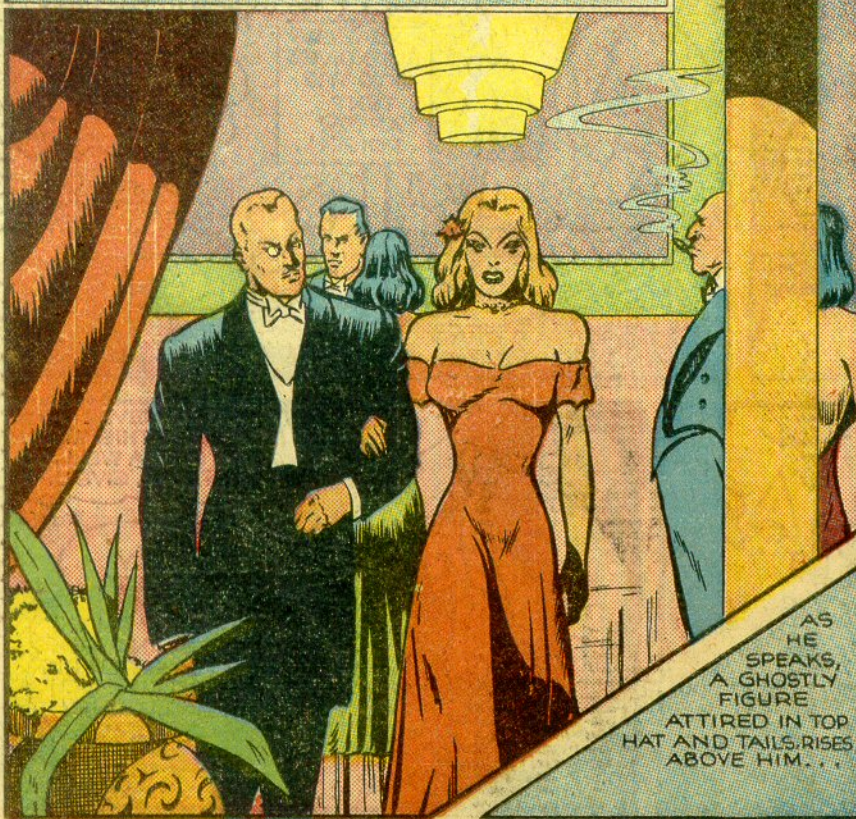
Ghost Detective

By
Noel
Fowler

A HAUNTED NIGHT CLUB,
PHANTOMS IN THE MIST OF
SOPHISTICATED
REVELRY... ONLY ZERO
CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY
OF THE SKYSCRAPER
SPIRITS

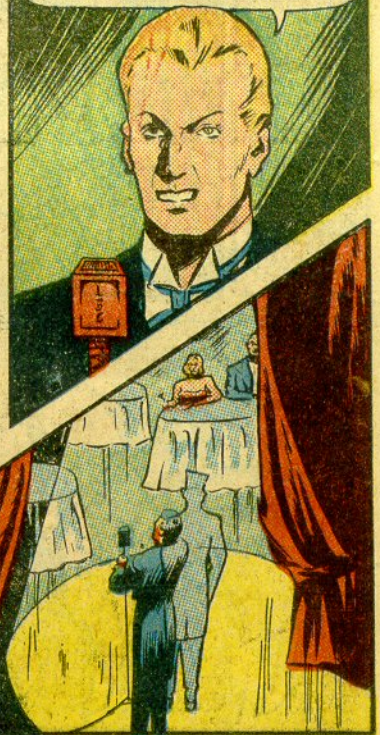


THE "MOON GLOW ROOM," ATOP THE BELLE PLAZA HOTEL.



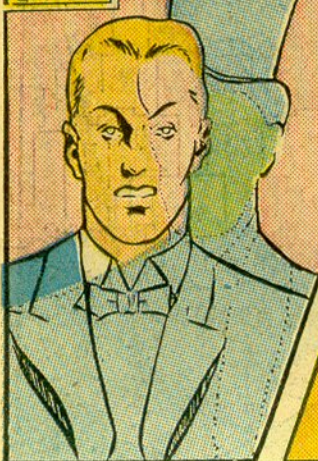
THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES
TAKES THE FLOOR.

TONIGHT WE INTRODUCE
THAT LOVELY SINGER...

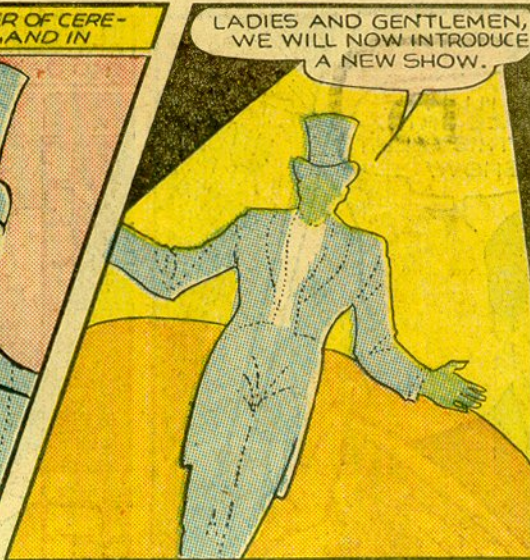


AS
HE
SPEAKS,
A GHOSTLY
FIGURE
ATTIRED IN TOP
HAT AND TAILS, RISES
ABOVE HIM...

GRADUALLY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE GHOST.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW INTRODUCE A NEW SHOW.



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY NIGHT CLUB PRESENTED A PERFORMANCE OF THIS SORT! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GHOST SHOW!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN STANDS THE STARTLED FIGURE OF THE MANAGER.



I NEVER ORDERED SUCH A SHOW! IT MUST BE SOME CRAZY ACTOR'S GAG! IT'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS!

BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE, ZERO, CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT.

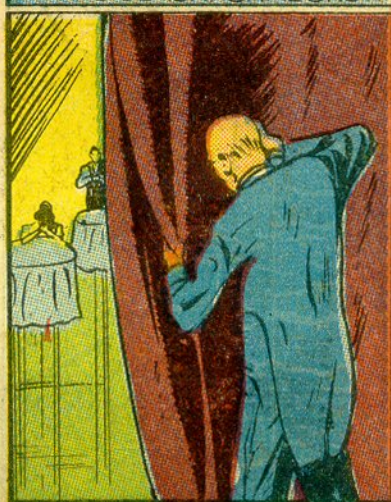


BUT, ZERO, THIS IS A FASCINATING SHOW. YOU SHOULD SEE IT!

AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE MOON GLOW ROOM TO SEE THE NEW SHOW.



THE MANAGER IS STILL IN A DAZE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SENSATIONAL SHOW.



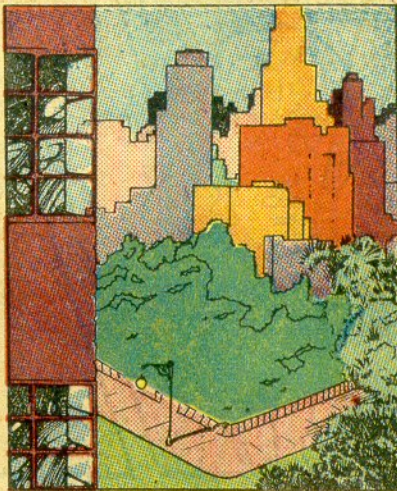
STOP WORRYING, JOE. I'M YOUR PRESS AGENT, AND I SAY YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHERE IT'S FROM? IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT!



AT THE HOME OF ZERO,
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.



IN ANOTHER APARTMENT,
SITUATED AT THE NORTH
END OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE...



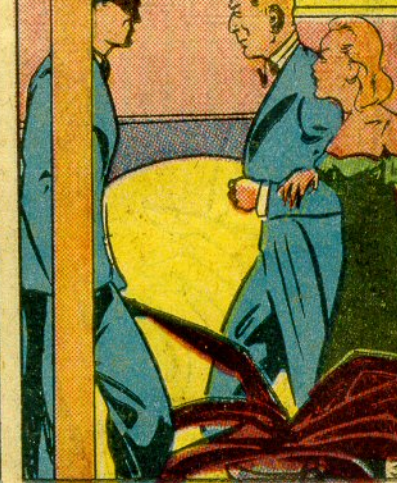
TOMMY MANNERS, WEALTHY
PLAYBOY, IS DRESSING...



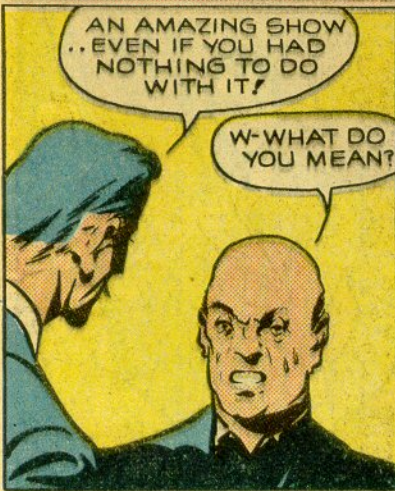
AT A CENTER TABLE ZERO
WATCHES THE GHOSTS REFORM



AS ZERO LEAVES THE ROOM,
TOMMY MANNERS ENTERS
WITH
A GIRL.



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, ZERO PRESENTS HIM WITH A STARTLING FACT.



YOUR PERFORMERS HAPPEN TO BE REAL, LIVE GHOSTS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO LET THE SHOW CONTINUE, BUT TO AVERT A PANIC, I'LL LET THE SHOW GO ON TONIGHT.



SUDDENLY FROM THE MOON GLOW ROOM, A HORRIBLE SHRIEK COMES FROM PLAYBOY TOMMY MANNERS.



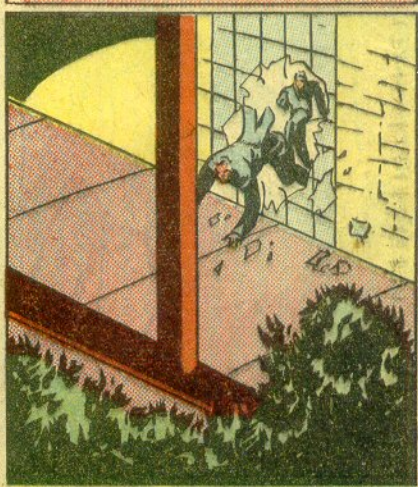
TOMMY CONTINUES SHOUTING AS HE IS PURSUED BY A GHOST. ZERO FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



THROUGH THE ARCHED DOORWAY HE CONTINUES TO RUN..



WITH ZERO STILL IN PURSUIT, TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH THE OUTER PORCH WINDOW.



FINALLY ZERO CATCHES UP WITH TOMMY.



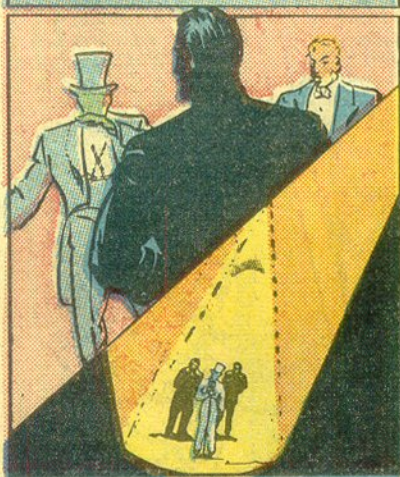
RESTRAINING TOMMY FROM LEAPING OVER THE SIDE, ZERO SEES THE GHOST APPROACHING.



DRAWING A MIRROR WITH A CROSS MARKED ON IT, ZERO FLASHES IT AT THE GHOST.



THE MIRROR HAS ITS EFFECT
THE GHOST DRAWS BACK IN
HORROR, AS ZERO ORDERS
BOTH BACK INTO THE ROOM.



THE GHOST RELATES HIS STORY

MY BROTHER, TOMMY
MANNERS, MURDERED
ME SO HE COULD COLLECT
MY FORTUNE. I KNEW
THAT AS A PLAYBOY, HE'D
BE FASCINATED BY ANY
NEW SENSATION... SO
WITH THE AID OF MY
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE
DECIDED TO BRING THE
GHOST SHOW TO THE
MOON GLOW ROOM.



ZERO DOESN'T NOTICE THE
OTHER GHOSTS STEAL UP
BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY THEY GRAB HIM,
FORCING HIM TO DROP HIS
MIRROR.



AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST
SPRINGS UPON TOMMY,
AND STRANGLES HIM.



THE LIGHT BLINDS
THE GHOSTS

BUT
FROM
HIS
POCKET
ZERO
DRAWS
A SULPHUR
OUS
MATCH.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF
THE SULPHUR, THE
GHOSTS VANISH.



THE AUDIENCE THINK
ING THIS PART OF
THE SHOW,
APPLAUD. . . .



AND THIS, FOLKS,
IS THE FINAL
PERFORMANCE
OF THE GHOST
SHOW!

LIFTING THE DEAD BODY OF
TOMMY, ZERO EXITS AMID THE
APPLAUSE



THE DEMON OF
DESTRUCTION

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY
FRANKS
DAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD, SO IS HIS "DOUBLE," LIEUTENANT JACKSON NOW BRUCE, AS "BLACK," IS A MEMBER OF THE "UN-AMERICAN BAND."

TO ANYONE LISTENING, THESE 2 MEN SEEM RABID MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND ~

IN NEW YORK, PEOPLE LIKE FLIES SHALL DIE, FRIEND **BLACK!**

GOOD!



YET, ONE MAN IS BRUCE **BLACKBURN**, CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

ZORN! LOOK! UP THERE!

BLACK! WHAT IS IT?

AND ZORN, HOW DO WE KILL THESE **FOOLS?**

I DO NOT KNOW....
LATER WE~



YEOW!

A BOY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT~ HIS.. HIS CLOTHES!

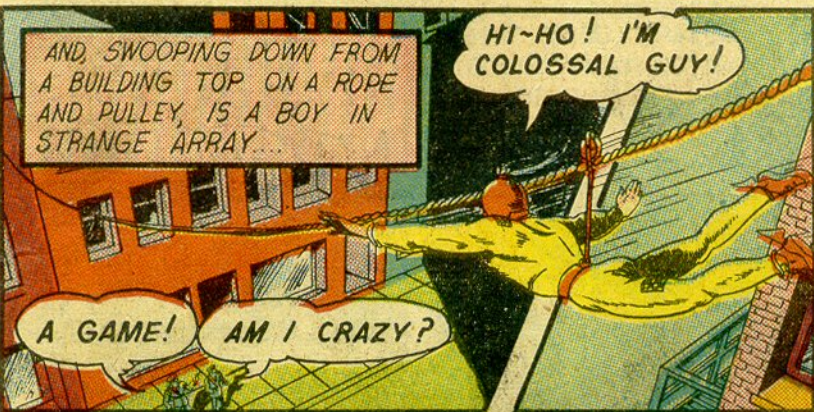


AND, SWOOPING DOWN FROM A BUILDING TOP ON A ROPE AND PULLEY, IS A BOY IN STRANGE ARRAY...

HI-HO! I'M COLOSSAL GUY!

A GAME!

AM I CRAZY?



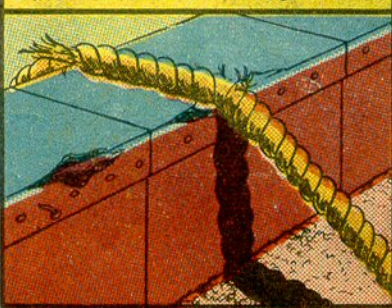
LOOK, ZORN! HEAVENS! THE ROPE! IT'S FRAYING!



AND ON THE BUILDING TOP, A SHARP METAL EDGE SAWS AT THE SWAYING ROPE.

HE'LL BE KILLED!

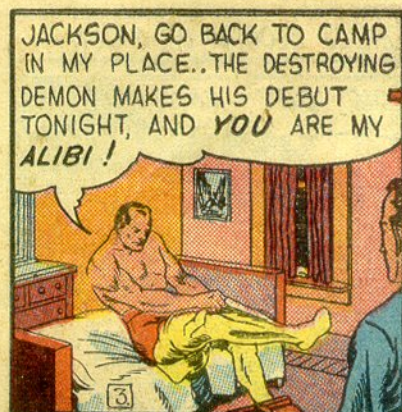
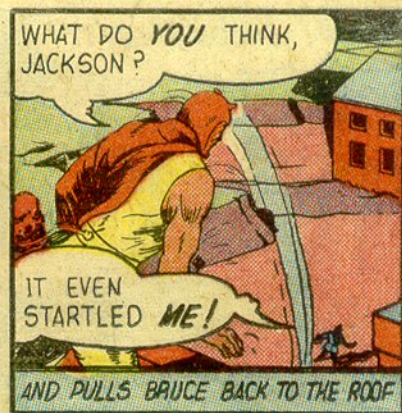
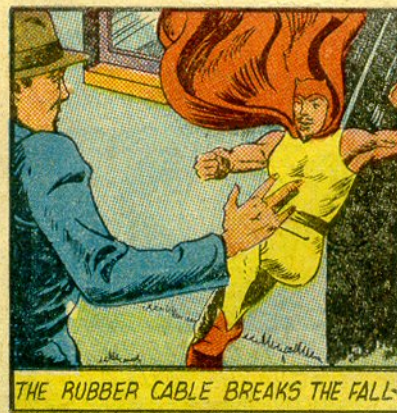
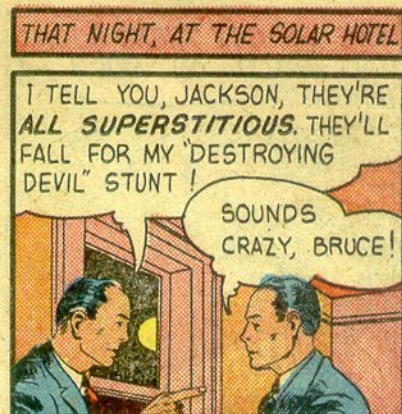
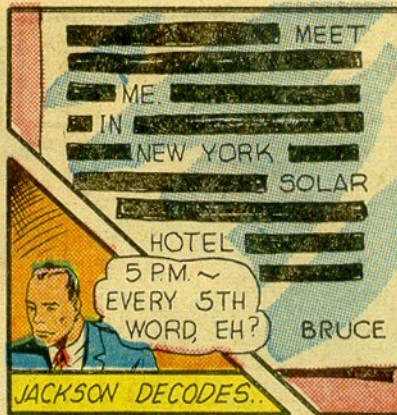
NOT IF I~



~CAN HELP IT!







THAT NIGHT, BRUCE, IN COSTUME,
HIDES IN THE BAND CAMP

BLACK, ZORN, ADDER~ NOW IN
THIS CAR WE GO TO THE
RESERVOIR!



AS THE CAR PASSES, BRUCE
LEAPS, AND CLINGS TO
THE TRUNK RACK...



HOPE WE GET THERE SOON..
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH
LONGER!



AS THE CAR SWERVES FROM
THE PAVEMENT TO THE
RUTTED RESERVOIR ROAD~



THE CYANIDE WILL
KILL THEM ALL!
CYNANIDE!
GREAT GUNS!



STOP! I COMMAND IT!

A DEVIL!

SHOOT HIM!

TAKE THAT!



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO
POISON THE WATER....

BUT THE BULLETS GLANCE
HARMLESSLY OFF OF BRUCE'S
BULLET-PROOF VEST!



BULLETS DON'T
HARM HIM!!
RUN!

NOT
SO
FAST!

BRUCE SCOOPS UP A GUN~

DIE, DEV~ UGH!



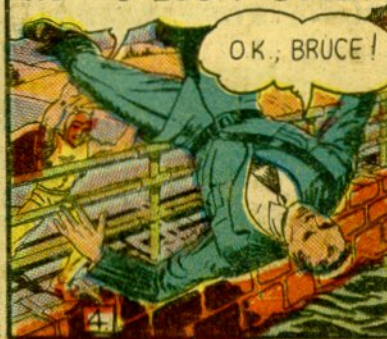
INTO THE WATER WITH
YOU!

HELP!



SORRY, JACKSON~ THIS
HAS TO LOOK GOOD!

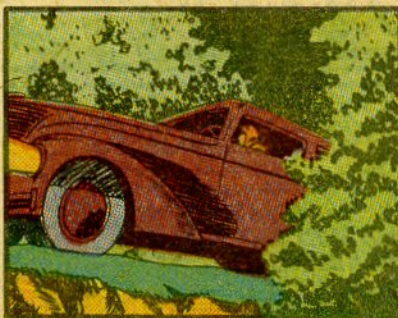
OK., BRUCE!



THAT **CYANIDE** WON'T DO ANY **DAMAGE DOWN THERE!**



BRUCE DRIVES THE BAND'S CAR BACK TO CAMP



NOW FOR MY DEMONSTRATION. I'LL ATTACH MY RUBBER CABLE!



ATOP THE BAND BUILDING...

DEMON~BAH! IT IS A **TRAITOR!** AND THE **ONLY** MEMBER NOT ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS **TIME~**



SOME POOR DEVIL'S IN FOR IT!

~IS OTTO SCHMIDT. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY, SCHMIDT!



NO~ NO~I'M INNOCENT! I'M~

THEY **WON'T** MURDER HIM IF I CAN **HELP IT!**



THE DESTROYING DEMON~



~STRIKES!



BRUCE SEIZES SCHMIDT, AND IS SNAPPED TO THE ROOF....

AN HOUR LATER.....

THAT GANG'S **POISON!** LET 'EM **ALONE,** SCHMIDT!

I WON'T FORGET THIS!



COLONEL JORDAN, THIS IS BRUCE! WE JUST FOILED A PLOT TO POISON THE NEW YORK WATER SUPPLY! HAVE **ALL RESERVOIRS GUARDED!** AND COLONEL ~ ~



AND IN ANOTHER HOUR

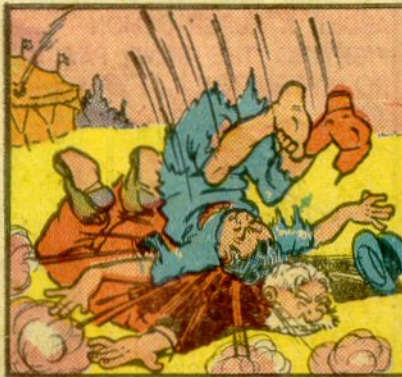
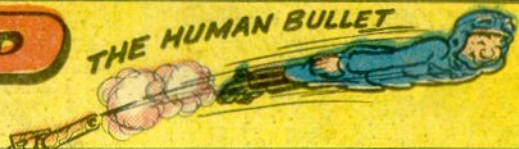
~IF YOU HEAR WILD STORIES ABOUT A SUPER-DEMON FIGHTING THE BAND, PAY NO ATTENTION! IT'S ME!



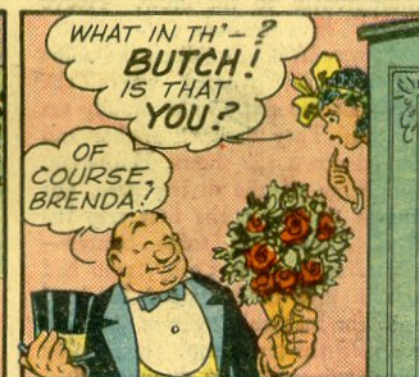
5

BIG TOP

THE HUMAN BULLET



BIG TOP





Ferguson, chief of the Catalina Junior Divers, tapped the scarred top of his desk and frowned.

"Boys," he said, "we're in a spot. Either we've got to find out what killed these chaps, or fold the outfit. In fact, the Coast Guard has given those orders already."

"But we're hardly under way!" exclaimed Bat Forbes, one of the members of the unique diving organization. "If we give up now—"

"I haven't said we're going to give up," interposed Ferguson quietly. "It's only that we can't go on having men killed under water by—whatever it is."

Hap Hanson, youngest of the outfit, piped up with, "We'll find out—even if we never salvage the *Katy D.* Why can't we—"

Ferguson halted him. "There's just a chance," he stated, "that

we'll solve the mystery tomorrow. I've asked Perry Scott, a marine specialist, to sail with us. If anyone can crack the puzzle, he can."

Perry Scott came aboard the amateur divers' small sloop just before sailing time next morning. Most of the youths had heard of young Scott's daring exploits in nautical crime solution all over the world. Now he was going to pit his super cunning against an under-sea killer that had everybody baffled and which had taken the lives of three robust youths in two weeks. Would Scott be successful?

They didn't cast off immediately and Perry looked quizzically at Ferguson. "Have to wait for the harbor pilot," he informed him. "Ah, there he comes now."

A dinghy was being rowed rapidly across the calm water of the bay, and in a moment a thick-set man climbed aboard, nodding indifferently to the crew. "Heave away!" he sang out.

It was an hour's sail to the point around the Isthmus where the *Katy D.* reposed on the muddy sea bottom. They dropped anchor and pulled down the sheets. Hannason, in charge of the diving gear, got things ready for the first trip below. There was some banter—rather serious—as Colby, who had drawn first dive, slipped his head into the makeshift helmet. Johnson manned the air pump. Then Colby slipped overside and disappeared.

The water is remarkably clear around Catalina Island. One can see bottom clearly even at thirty feet. A forest of weed hid the half-buried hulk of the *Katy D.* They saw Colby touch bottom and begin making his way toward the wreck, his feet stirring up plumes of mud-smoke which presently obliterated him from view.

Perry Scott watched intently the movements below. Then Colby signalled to be pulled up.

"All quiet down there," he re-

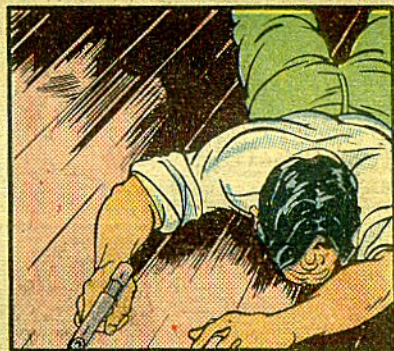
ported. "The others have cut almost through the weed; I think a half hour's chopping will do the trick . . . who's turn now?"

"Mine." Hap Hanson stepped forward and began rubbing grease on his face preparatory to slipping the odd helmet on.

The mud-smoke had risen close to the surface, still shrouding the bottom, but by now the area immediately below the mud-smoke would be glass clear. Hap searched through the gear a moment. "Wonder where my gloves are?" he said.

"Take mine, Hap," said Hackett the harbor pilot. He held out a pair of white leather gloves. The youth was reaching for them when Colby, ransacking the gear box, said, "Here's yours, Hap," and handed over the missing gauntlets.

Perry wondered a bit about that offer of gloves from the surly pilot. He imagined he had read a strange look in the man's narrow-



set eyes; but he could have been mistaken.

Hap stayed down a good half hour. When he came up he said, "Well, I hacked through to the wheel house. Air was getting a bit stale." To Ferguson he said, "I'm not certain but I thought I saw something down there, just a quick flash, then it was gone. Shark I'd say."

Ferguson shook his head. "Never heard of one around here. Of course—"

"How about a manta?" said Perry.

"Not the right shape," Hap informed him. "This chap was long, narrow—might have been a seal."

It was Johnson's turn. Before he had dipped into the grease pot, however, Perry Scott stepped forward. "Let me do this trick," he



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said. To the pilot he said: "Mind if I borrow those gloves? I have a bandaged thumb, and I'm afraid the other chaps' mitts will be too small."

Hackett handed the white gauntlets over, but there was a momentary reluctance in the act. Perry slipped his hands into them and stepped overside.

"Almost forgot," he said to himself. He made his way back to the spot where he had first touched bottom, then struck off to the left a few paces. Presently he came to a small black box on a tripod. He made a few adjustments, snapped a switch, and saluted the machine with a jaunty wave of the hand. He backed away, keeping in line with the single eye of the thing grinding away in front of him.



Ten feet off he halted and began waving his hands.

There was a sudden commotion a few fathoms to his right. The water churned and swirled and he could feel the agitation. Then a great dark shape shot out of the heaving water on his right and torpedoed toward him. With one motion he jerked the gloves off and backed away. The gloves remained directly in front of him, not sinking, and as he backed off they followed, drawn by the suction of his motion.

"Hm!" he said, "didn't foresee this one. Gotta make it snappy." He practically leaped backward. As he did so the monstrous thing struck. A vast mouth gulped the gloves, then the creature was gone, in a swirling arc.

Once more on board, Perry reported that he had lost the gloves, but that he intended to go down again. "I think I found something," he told Ferguson.

"What?" asked the chief, interestedly.

"Don't know yet." He hurried to the wheel house and rummaged through his gear. He came out on deck with a strange looking weapon. "Sub-sea rifle," he told the crew. Then he slipped on the helmet and went over the side, this time without any gloves.

A moment later there was a swirl and the great shape darted toward him. He tossed the gloves away from him and grasped the rifle firmly. When the beast shot down for the gloves, he fired ten rounds of explosive bullets into its dark body. Blood spurted, turning the sea red for a moment.

When the water had cleared, he approached the inert body of the creature. It was a huge barracuda, tiger of the sea, man killer!

He went back to the black box, shut it off, and gathered it up. Then he signalled to be lifted.

Wide eyes greeted him on deck. They had all seen the blood; thought he had been attacked. Perry shook his head, grinning. "But I've found your killer," he stated. "He's lying down there now. He can't get away. This little box," he explained, "is an undersea camera; it got quite a movie of everything that happened down there."

"Look out!" Johnson cried. But young Hanson had been too quick. With a short-arm jab he knocked Hackett to the deck. The pilot had a snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

Perry grinned. "He's the one," he said. "Been checking on him for some time. Works for a big salvage outfit in Pedro; they've been wanting to chase you guys off because there's a lot of gold aboard the *Katy D*. You probably didn't know that."

Ferguson shook his head excitedly. "Of course not. We thought it contained only some good diving gear."

"Uh-huh," said Perry. "Well, I checked on all this a week ago. Got the low-down on Hackett. When you see this film you'll have the complete story. The day be-

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fore yesterday I came out here and set up this camera so it would be ready for the job. I think that job is filled."

"Yes—but—" Ferguson was fumbling. "You say barracuda. But I can't understand. A barracuda wouldn't hang around hours at a time, waiting, as it were—"

"No," replied Perry Scott. "It wouldn't—unless it couldn't get away. You see, Hackett and his mob had somehow captured the 'cuda. They had him anchored down there with a heavy chain around the neck. Clever, I'd say!"


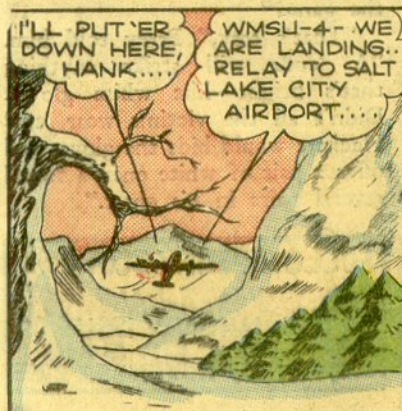
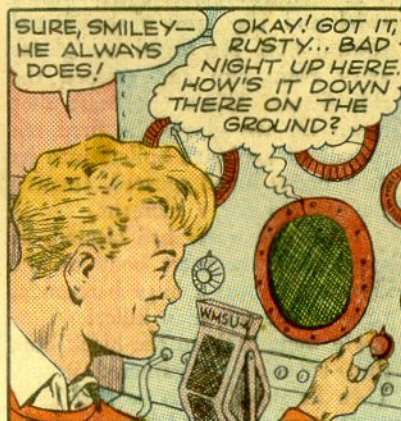
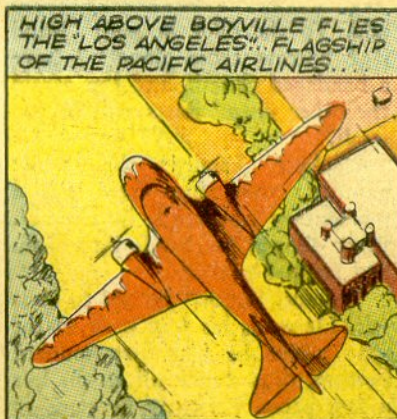
"But why," Ferguson demanded, "did the thing attack only three of the gang?"

"That's easy," Perry told him. "A 'cuda will strike anything that's bright—like white gloves. Didn't all the victims wear 'em? Hackett would hide the gloves and offer a pair of white ones. I found several pairs in his chest."

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT in
MEDITERRANEAN MADNESS
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
FEATURE/ On Sale
COMICS/ NOVEMBER 22ND**

RUSTY RYAN OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

SMILEY/CALL WS5M AT SALT LAKE CITY...NOTIFY THEM OF THE POSITION./ I'M GETTING SOME FELLOWS TOGETHER TO GO OUT TO THAT PLANE!

OKAY!



HEY! THE LOS ANGELES JUST CRACKED UP WEST OF MOOSE LAKE./ GRAB YOUR SKIS AND C'MON!

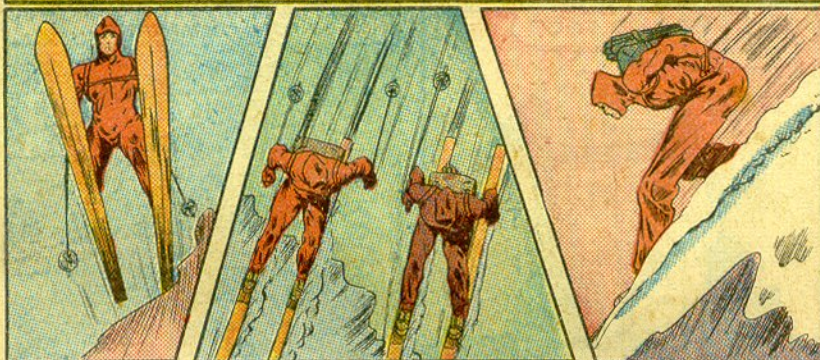
LOOKS LIKE A BLIZZARD IS BLOWIN' UP TOO!



AND A LITTLE LATER A SKI PATROL LEAVES BOYVILLE, HEADED FOR THE LOST PLANE



THEN FOLLOWS GRUELLING TRAVEL THROUGH SNOW, SLEET AND BITTER COLD... BUT THE BOYS MEET THE MANLY TEST...



WE SHOULD BE NEARING IT NOW...



THERE'S THE PLANE!! AND I CAN SEE SOMEBODY MOVING...THERE'S A FIRE!



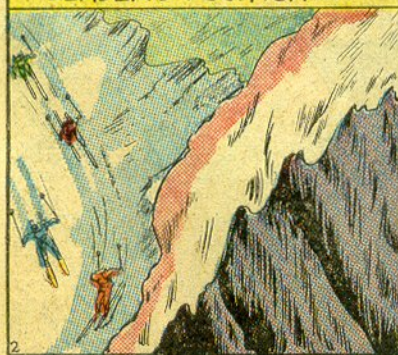
BUT, AS THE PARTY ZOOMS DOWN A MOUNTAIN, A TREACHEROUS GORGE APPEARS JUST BEFORE THEM....



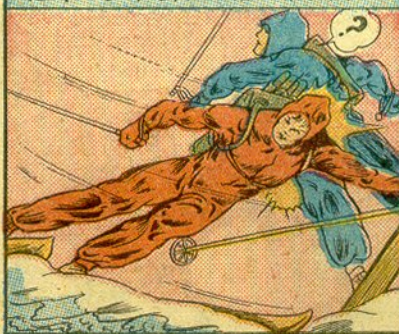
LOOK OUT!! PULL UP.... PULL UP!! GORGE AHEAD! HEADS UP!



RUSTY ZOOMS INTO THE LEADER'S POSITION....



...AND LIKE A STREAK, HE BODY-CHECKS A BOY WHO IS HEADED FOR THE CHASM....



WOW! I STOPPED YOU JUST IN TIME, BOB!

I'LL SAY YOU DID, RUSTY!





WE'LL HAVE TO SKIRT THIS GORGE NOW TO GET TO THE PLANE!

RUSTY! I'LL BET THIS IS MOOSE LAKE GORGE, THAT CAPPY TOLD US ABOUT. IT'S 20 MILES LONG AND CIRCLES THE MOUNTAIN!



HMM—IT WOULD TAKE US TEN HOURS TO GO THAT WAY!

MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THE PEOPLE AT THE PLANE KNOW WE'RE HERE...



HELLOOOO!

S-SAY... LOOK! SOMEBODY'S COME TO HELP US!



YEAH—TWO OF THE PASSENGERS ARE BADLY HURT... AND THE REST OF US ARE HALF FROZEN!

IT'LL BE TEN HOURS BEFORE WE CAN ENCIRCLE THIS GORGE AND REACH YOU!



WHAT? WE'LL NEVER LAST THAT LONG AS WE ARE NOW... OUR CLOTHES AND FOOD ARE....



BUT THE WORDS DIE OUT AS A TERRIFIC GALE WHIPS UP SLEET AND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE....



IT'S THAT BLIZZARD— IT'S STARTED!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP THEM, RUSTY? AND IT'LL GET 20 MORE DEGREES COLDER!



GIVE ME YOUR LONG ROPE, CHUCK... I'VE AN IDEA!

OKAY— TAKE IT!



YOU FELLOWS HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR END— THAT'S ALL!

I HOPE THIS WORKS, RUSTY!



OKAY!! I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES... JUST KEEP CLEAR OF THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE, FELLOWS!



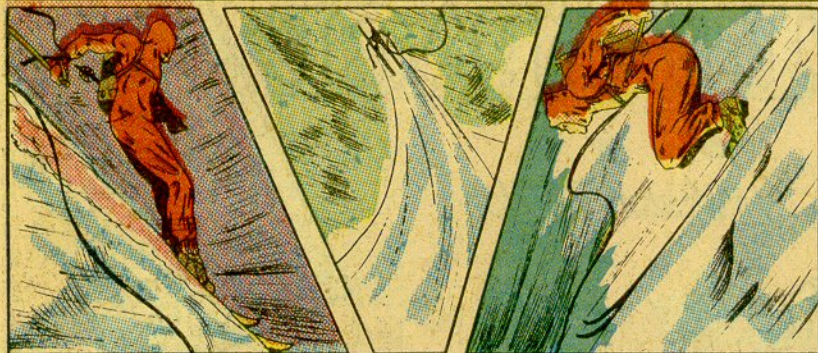
H-H-E'S GOIN' UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

YEAH! HE'S GONNA JUMP THE GORGE... AN' TAKE THE ROPE WITH HIM!



HMM... I'D BETTER NOT MISS!

RUSTY WHEELS AROUND ON THE STEEP SLOPE AND STARTS BACK DOWN... HIS SPEED INCREASES TILL HE FLIES LIKE A BULLET....



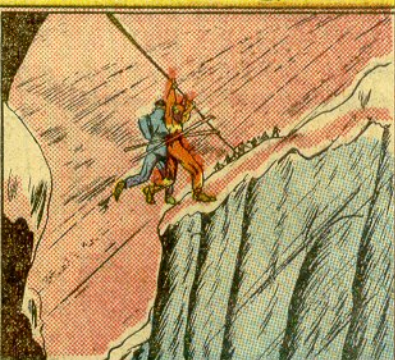
JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS! THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO TRY JUMPING THAT CHASM.... IT'S 50 FEET EASY!... AND SUICIDE!



H-YA HANK! HERE... GIVE THIS BEEF BROTH TO THE OTHERS... WHILE I FIX THINGS UP HERE... THEN HAVE EVERYBODY COME UP THIS WAY....



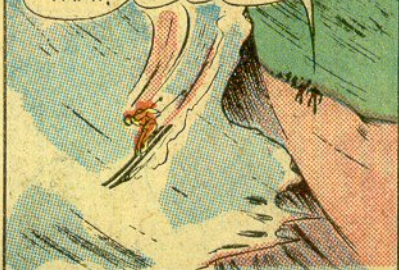
THEN, FASTENING THE ROPE ON HIS SIDE OF THE GORGE, RUSTY TIES PASSENGERS TO HIMSELF AND FERRIES THEM OVER.....



SMILEY-I'LL GO BACK AND GET THE SCHOOL SLEIGH TO HAUL 'EM... GET THEM DOWN TO THAT MAIN ROAD... MEET ME THERE!



SAY! DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER GET TIRED? LOOKIT HIM GO NOW... IT MUSTA TAKEN HIM A DOZEN YEARS TO LEARN TO SKI LIKE THAT!



NO... NOT THAT LONG, MISTER... NEVER SAW RUSTY'S ONLY SIXTEEN NOW!... BUT I'D SWEAR THAT RADIO OPERATOR I ALWAYS SPOKE TO, WAS AT LEAST 40!

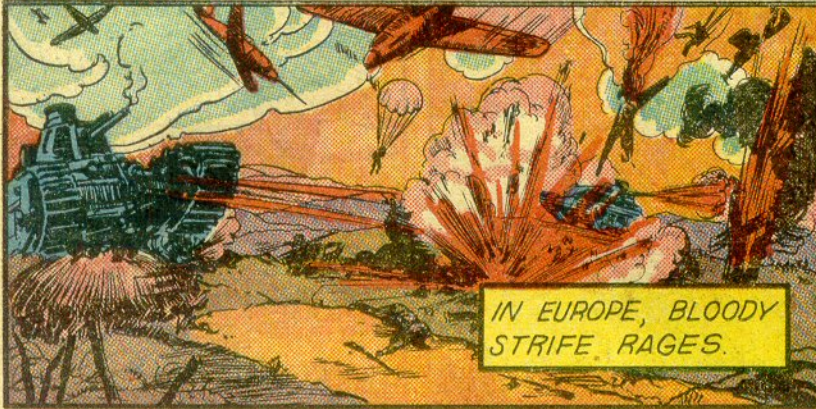




ACE of SPACE

by
H. Weston Taylor

ACE EGAN IS THE
POSSESSOR OF A
BELT FROM ANOTHER
PLANET—ALSO A
SPACE SHIP...
WITH THE WEIRD
POWERS GIVEN HIM
BY THE BELT, HE
FIGHTS FOR
HUMANITY...



IN EUROPE, BLOODY
STRIFE RAGES.

AND EACH WARRING NATION
WANTS ONE THING—OUR HELP

IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE
U.S. IN ON **OUR** SIDE!



AND, IN ANOTHER CAPITAL...

THEY WILL BE FIGHTING FOR
US IN 60 DAYS! IT IS
ARRANGED!



OUTRAGEOUS! LOOKS LIKE THE
SPECIAL FOREIGN COMMITTEE'S
GONE CRAZY!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT, ACE?

AND IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB, WHERE
HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS A PLAYBOY



THINK OF WHAT?

WHY~THE PRESIDENT'S NEW
COMMITTEE ON THE WAR
SITUATION IS **SWINGING**
TOWARD THE
Dictators!



A BREAK WITH THE **ALLIES**
SEEMS **UNAVOIDABLE** NOW!

BUT **WHY?**



THAT'S WHAT NOBODY KNOWS
~IT'S INSANE!

THE **ACE OF
SPACE** SHOULD LOOK
INTO **THIS!**

MAYBE HE
WILL!



IT *SURE* DOESN'T ADD UP ~ *WHY* THE COMMITTEES CHANGE OF POLICY, SMITH?



BLAST IT, THEY DON'T EVEN ACT LIKE THE *SAME* MEN, ACE!



I *WONDER* IF ACE *IS* THE *IDLER* HE *SEEMS* TO BE!



30 MINUTES LATER-ACE'S HOME

JENNINGS, I'M GOING TO MY ROOM~ *DON'T* DISTURB ME!



WITH THIS BELT ON, I CAN DO *ANYTHING*!

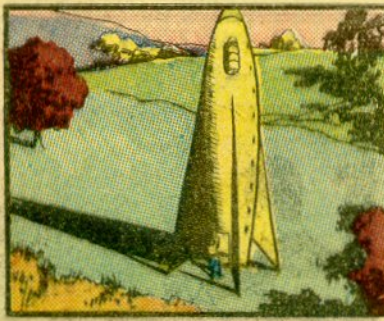


~AND BECOMES A 9 FOOT GIANT

SO THAT'S IT! I'M HEADING FOR THE SPACE SHIP AND *WASHINGTON*!

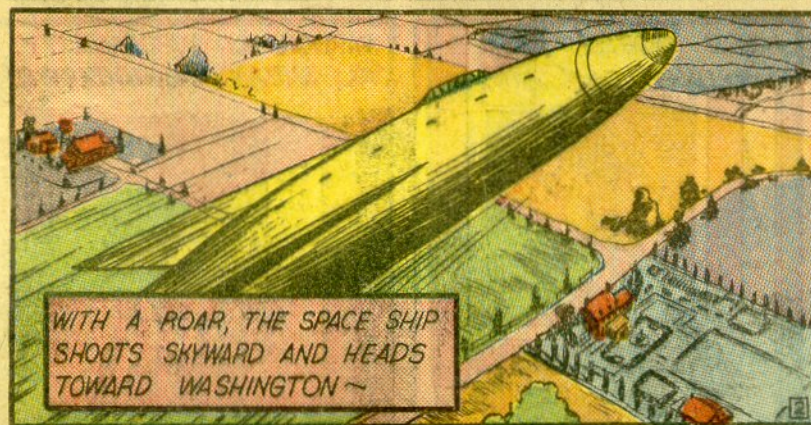


IT'S A *FIENDISHLY* CLEVER TRICK, BUT IT WON'T WORK!



HE LEAPS TOWARD HIS NOW INVISIBLE SPACE SHIP

HE TOUCHES A BUTTON AND THE STRANGE CRAFT APPEARS



WITH A ROAR, THE SPACE SHIP SHOOT'S SKYWARD AND HEADS TOWARD WASHINGTON ~

MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE MEETS

WILL HE SIGN IT?

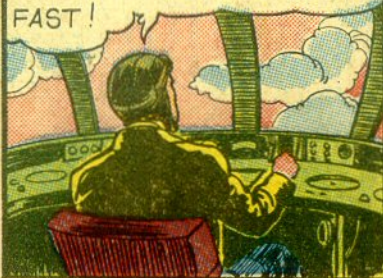


WITH BORIS A HYPNOTIST? YES!

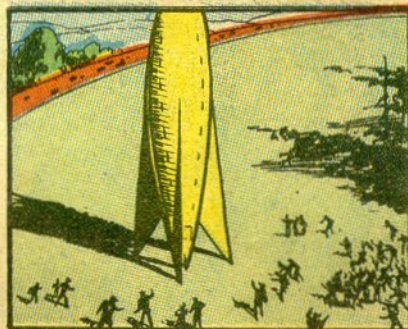
IN 15 MINUTES HE WILL BE HERE..AND TOMORROW ~ WAR FOR AMERICA!



SO TELEPATHY'S ONE OF MY POWERS! I KNOW THAT TREATY WILL BE SIGNED IN 15 MINUTES. GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE SHIP DROPS TO EARTH NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE



AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.



THIS IS THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

NO VISITORS~ SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



I'M NO VISITOR!



THEY'RE MEETING IN THAT ROOM~



~ON THE 2ND. FLOOR...



HERE GOES!



PARDON MY INFORMALITY, YOU SNEAKY IMPOSTERS!





WE'RE LEAVING! AN OUTRAGE.

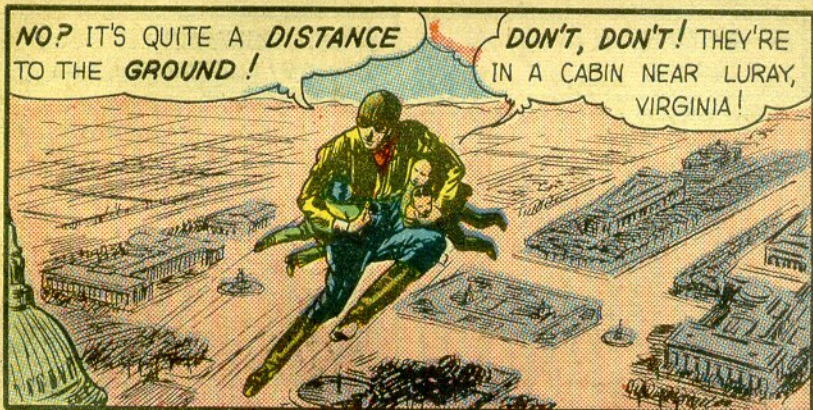
HELP!

YOU'RE~



YES~I'M THE ACE OF SPACE! WHERE ARE THE REAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS?

I WON'T TELL!



NO? IT'S QUITE A DISTANCE TO THE GROUND!

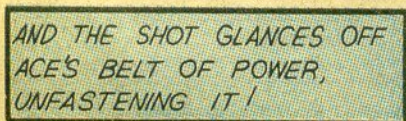
DON'T, DON'T! THEY'RE IN A CABIN NEAR LURAY, VIRGINIA!

MEANWHILE~AT THE WHITE HOUSE



DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL HIT THE WRONG ONE!

BANG!



AND THE SHOT GLANCES OFF ACE'S BELT OF POWER, UNFASTENING IT!



FASTER AND FASTER ACE DROPS EARTHWARD...THE PRECIOUS BELT FALLING BELOW HIM



HE'S SHRUNK!

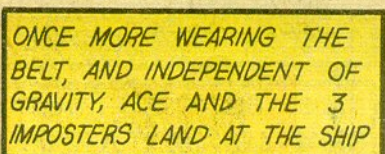
WE'RE FALLING!



IF I CAN ONLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME!



GOT IT!



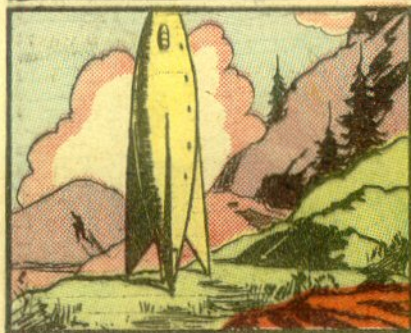
ONCE MORE WEARING THE BELT, AND INDEPENDENT OF GRAVITY, ACE AND THE 3 IMPOSTERS LAND AT THE SHIP

ACE MAKES THE SHIP VISIBLE



A MIRACLE! GET IN AND SHUT UP!

10 MINUTES LATER, THE SHIP COMES TO REST NEAR LURAY VA



NOW, WHERE'S THAT CABIN?



LEAVING 2 OF THE IMPOSTERS LOCKED IN THE SPACE SHIP..

THANK HEAVEN!

THE ACE OF SPACE!



YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO WASHINGTON FAST. THESE BIRDS JUST ABOUT HAVE US IN A WAR!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT THE WHITE HOUSE

HERE YOU ARE!



STOP! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WHO ARE....

NOT TODAY..

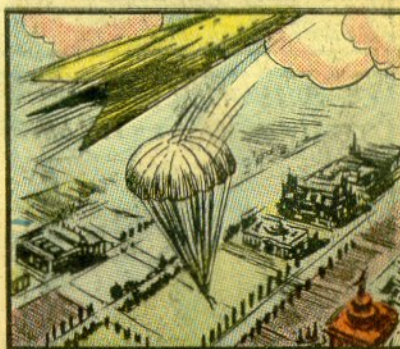


AN HOUR LATER, THE SPACE SHIP IS OVER THE ATLANTIC, NEARING EUROPE.

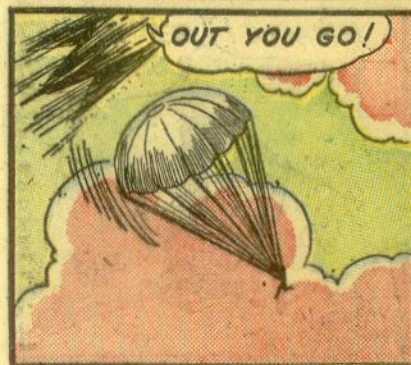
I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOUR BOSSES!



OVER ONE DICTATOR CAPITAL...



AND ANOTHER ~ ~ ~



AND IN THE THIRD CAPITAL

I MUST SEE THE GRAND LEADER, AT ONCE!

THAT TAG?

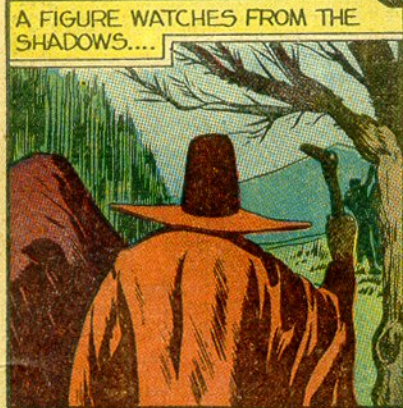


WHAT IS THIS? "RETURNED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE ACE OF SPACE!"



REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by ART DICKMAN



ON THE WITCH'S ORDER, SHELBY BARES HIS ARM—SUDDENLY SHE PRICKS IT WITH A NEEDLE.....



THEN SHE PRICKS HER OWN ARM.....



THEN, TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT RACKET... YOU AND THE OTHERS, WHO ARE TAKING OVER THE RANCHES OF THE CONDEMNED WOMEN!

I'LL TELL—!



NOW I'LL BE SURE YOU WON'T TURN THE PEOPLE AGAINST ME! IF THEY KNEW YOU HAD A MEETING WITH A WITCH, YOU'D BURN—

NO ONE WILL KNOW! COME... MY CHILD...!!



LATER—AT SHELBY'S HOME....

GET OUT, SHELBY... I MUST WORK ALONE!!



SO THAT'S IT—THE FOOLS!!



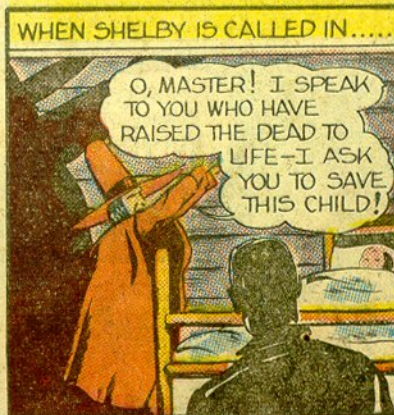
FROM THE NEXT ROOM A FIGURE SILENTLY WATCHES...

SHE'S EXAMINING THE CHILD—NOW SHE'S GIVING HIM SOMETHING TAKEN FROM THE FOLDS OF HER DRESS...



WHEN SHELBY IS CALLED IN.....

O, MASTER! I SPEAK TO YOU WHO HAVE RAISED THE DEAD TO LIFE—I ASK YOU TO SAVE THIS CHILD!



LOOK! MY CHILD'S SAVED... GO NOW, WITCH—OUR BARGAIN IS DONE!!



SHE IS A REAL WITCH, SERGEANT REYNOLDS—BUT THE TOWNSFOLK MUST NEVER KNOW!

A REAL WITCH, EH? I WONDER!



REYNOLDS FOLLOWS THE OLD WITCH TO HER HOME.....

SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT HER... WHAT'S THAT?



SUDDENLY SEVERAL FORMS LEAP OUT FROM THE BUSHES....

GET TH' MOUNTIE, BOYS!



REYNOLDS FIGHTS VALIANTLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS....



THAT GOT 'IM!

OH-H!



BOYS! LOOK - IT'S THE WITCH! GRAB HER!



AS THE MEN RUSH AT THE OLD CRONE, SHE RAISES HER ARMS AT THEM.... FLAMES AND BLUE LIGHTS SHOOT OUT AT THE MEN, THROWING THEM INTO PANIC.....



HEH-HEH! LOOK AT THEM RUN...HMM - THE MOUNTIES' OUT COLD!



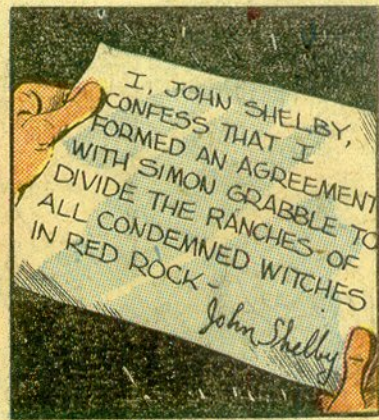
NEXT MORNING -

OW - MY HEAD!... GREAT SCOTT!! I'M IN THE WITCH'S CABIN!



REYNOLDS LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN....HE FINDS A BOOK.....

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND - WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR... A NOTE!



I, JOHN SHELBY, CONFESS THAT I FORMED AN AGREEMENT WITH SIMON GRABBLE TO DIVIDE THE RANCHES OF ALL CONDEMNED WITCHES IN RED ROCK -

John Shelby



SO! SIMON GRABBLE, THE RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS, IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT SCARE, EH? TAKING RANCHES OF INNOCENT WIDOWS AND MAKING THE TOWNSFOLK THINK THEY'RE WITCHES!

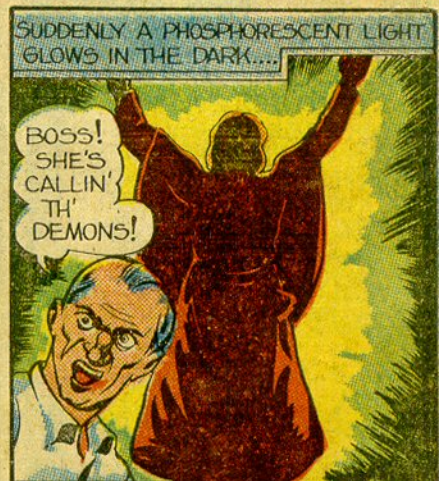
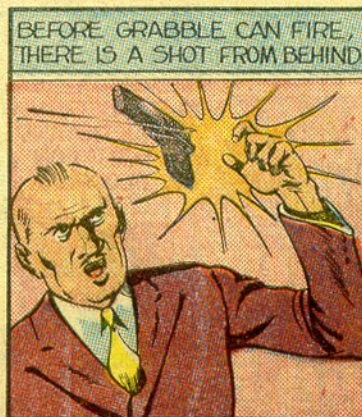
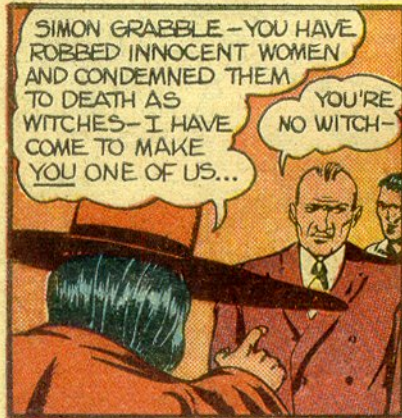
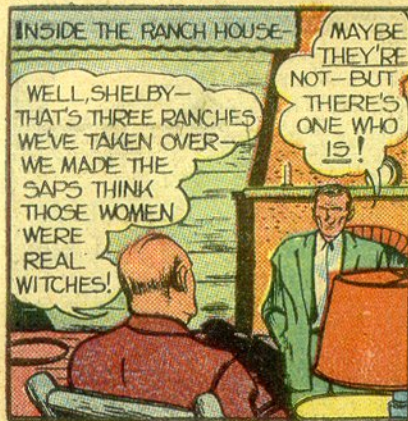


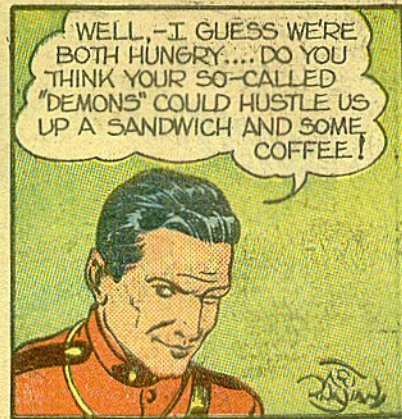
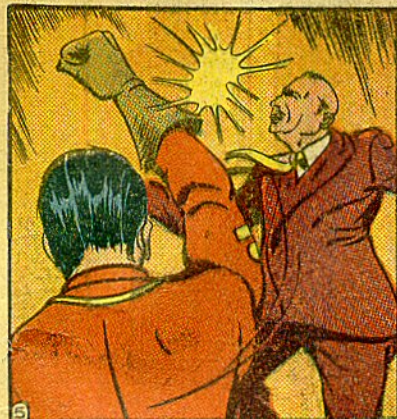
BUT WHERE'S THE OLD WITCH WHO SAVED ME? ... GUESS SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN...NOW TO CALL ON SIMON GRABBLE!!



THERE'S GRABBLE'S RANCH....I'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN SOMETHING FIRST!

LATER





ORDER BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

Boys PRINT CARDS • CUTS TICKETS • LABELS

From REAL Printer's Metal Type with PRINTER'S INK

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SPECIAL
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\$2

FOR THE
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You can now get a "LITTLE MAN" printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price. WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, feed the press—love the small of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank place of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to move a people, after the manner of Ben Franklin.

PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYS!

11
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ACCESSORIES

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Send "LITTLE MAN"

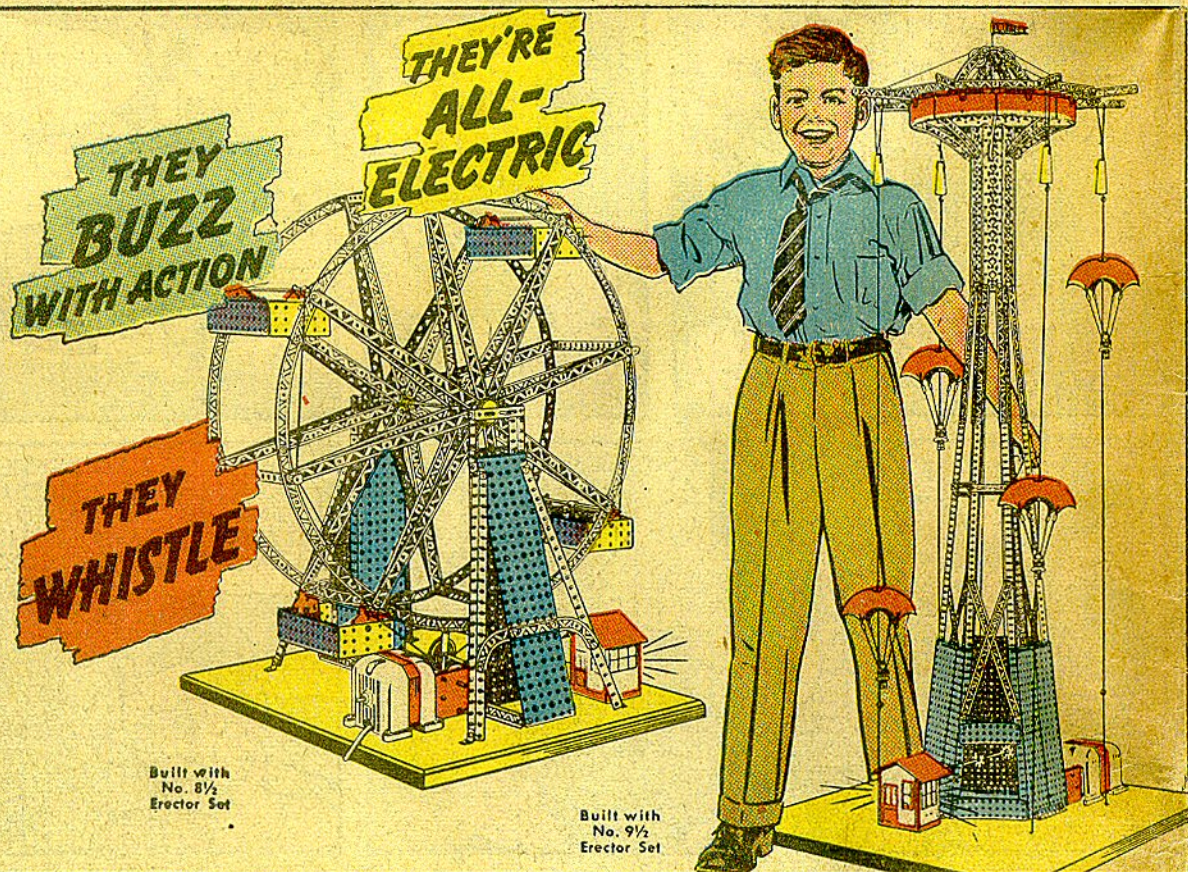
Printing Press with Accessories
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Built with
No. 8 1/2
Erector Set

Built with
No. 9 1/2
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BOYS! Look at that towering Erector parachute jump, with electrically illuminated top. You build it yourself. Piece by piece you fit the long gleaming girders together—attach the parachute rigging—and install the powerful Erector reversing electric engine. . . And now for thrilling action! Blow your whistle . . . throw your engine into gear and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet downward—unfold—and lazily float to the ground.

Now get a load of that mighty Ferris wheel. It whistles—twinkles with light—operates in either direction at slow or high speed. You can build hundreds of spectacular, realistic mechanical marvels with one Erector set. And how the Erector electric engine makes them buzz with action! See the new Erectors at your nearest toy store. Take Dad along.

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Boys, getting this book is as exciting as going to the movies. Over 100 illustrations. Mail coupon or post card.

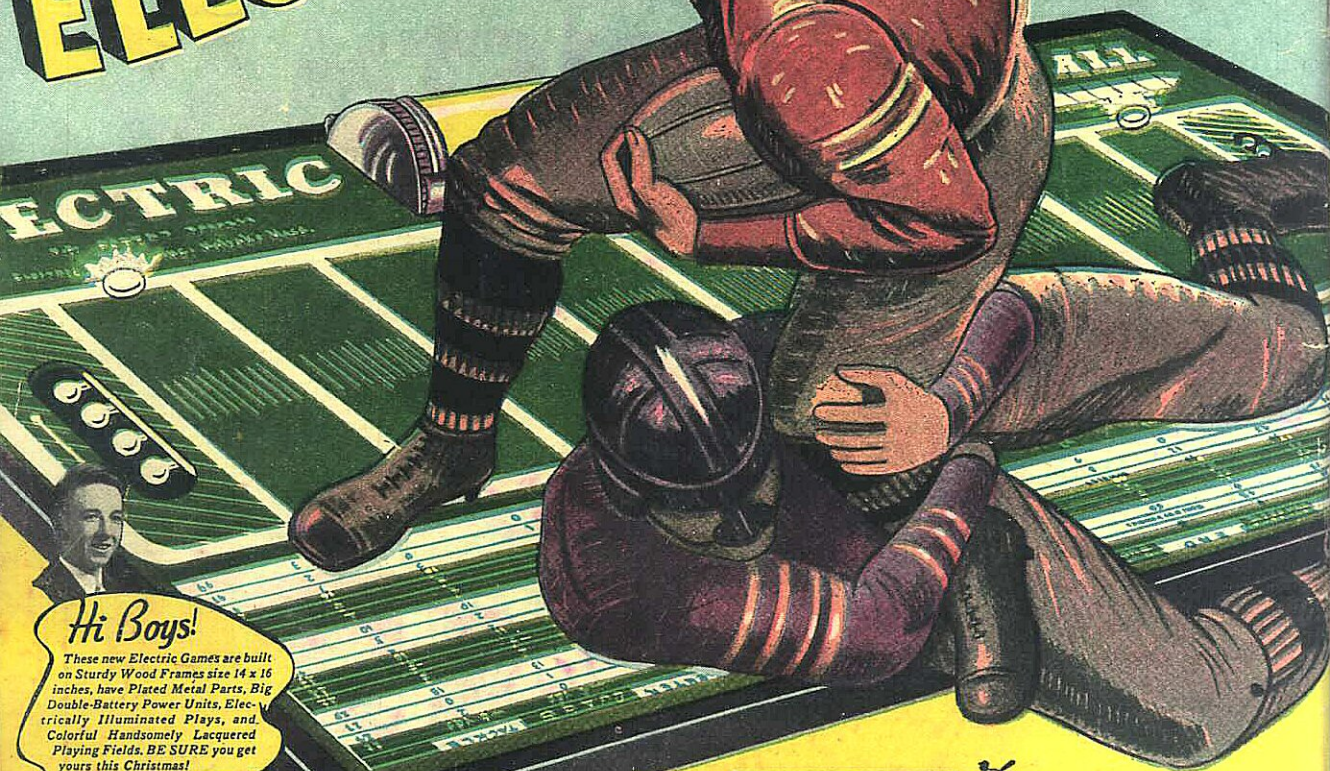
The A. C. Gilbert Co., 603 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.
Rush big book. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

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NEW FEATURES



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OVER For a TOUCHDOWN!

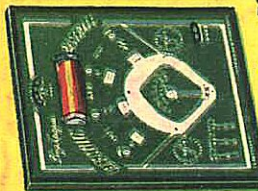
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of the game often gives the losing player a "Fighting Chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "Touchdown" or a "Smashing Last-Minute Victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

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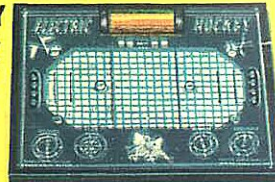
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A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric Bat, Electric Ump, Base Runners, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



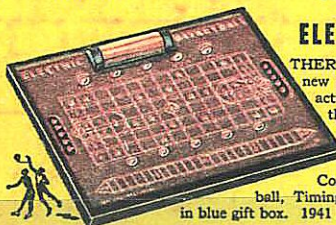
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